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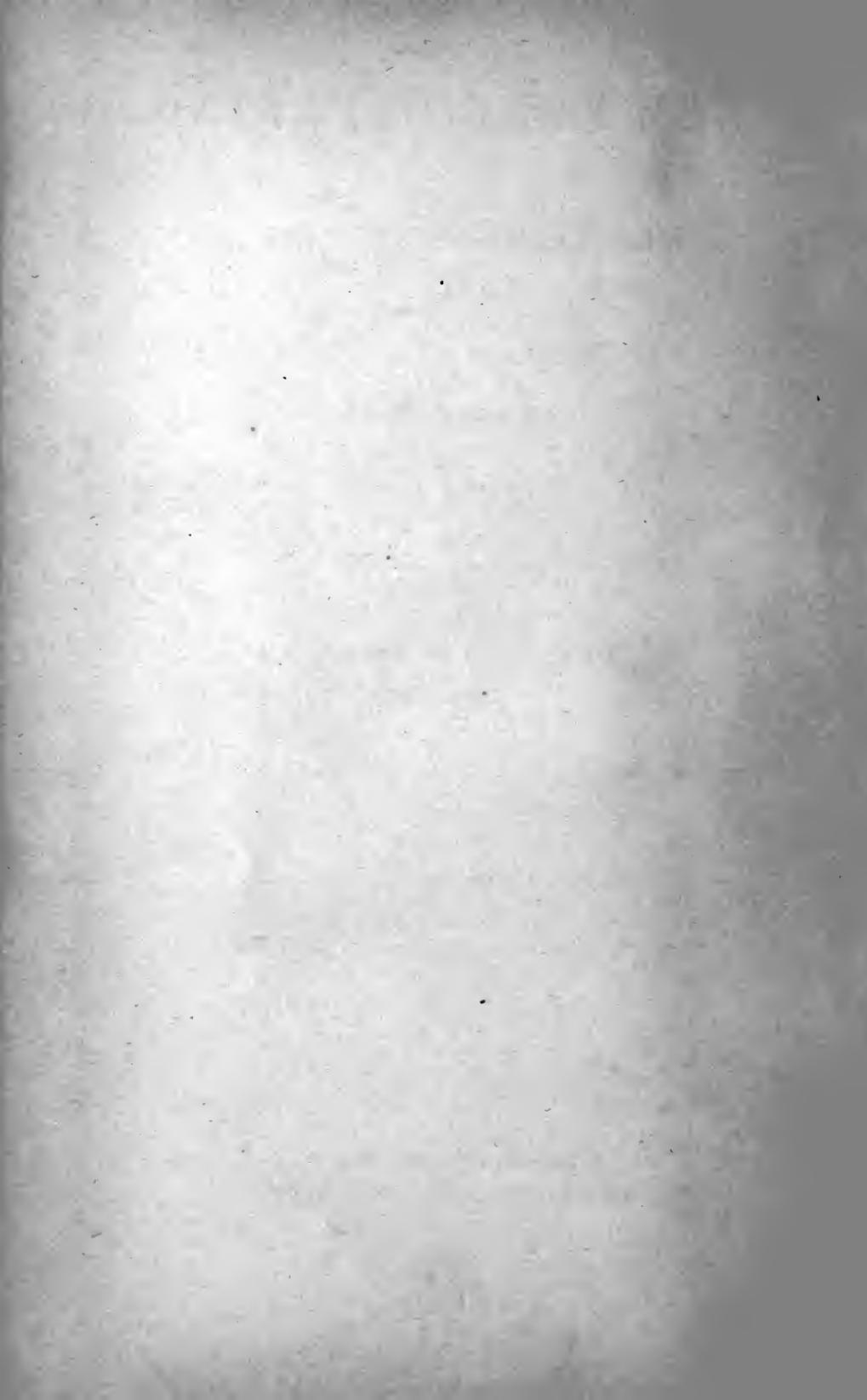
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







A NEW YEAR OFFERING.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES

IN

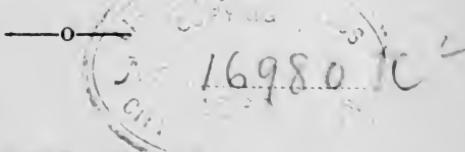
PROSE AND POETRY,

BY

REV. A. WM. FISKE.

“WE SPEND OUR YEARS AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD.” Prov. 9: 9.

“The moments fly—a minute gone!
The minutes fly—an hour is run!
The day is fled—The night is here!
Thus fly the weeks—the months, the year!”



BRISTOL, N. H.:
PUBLISHED BY R. W. MUSGROVE.

1880.

(1871)
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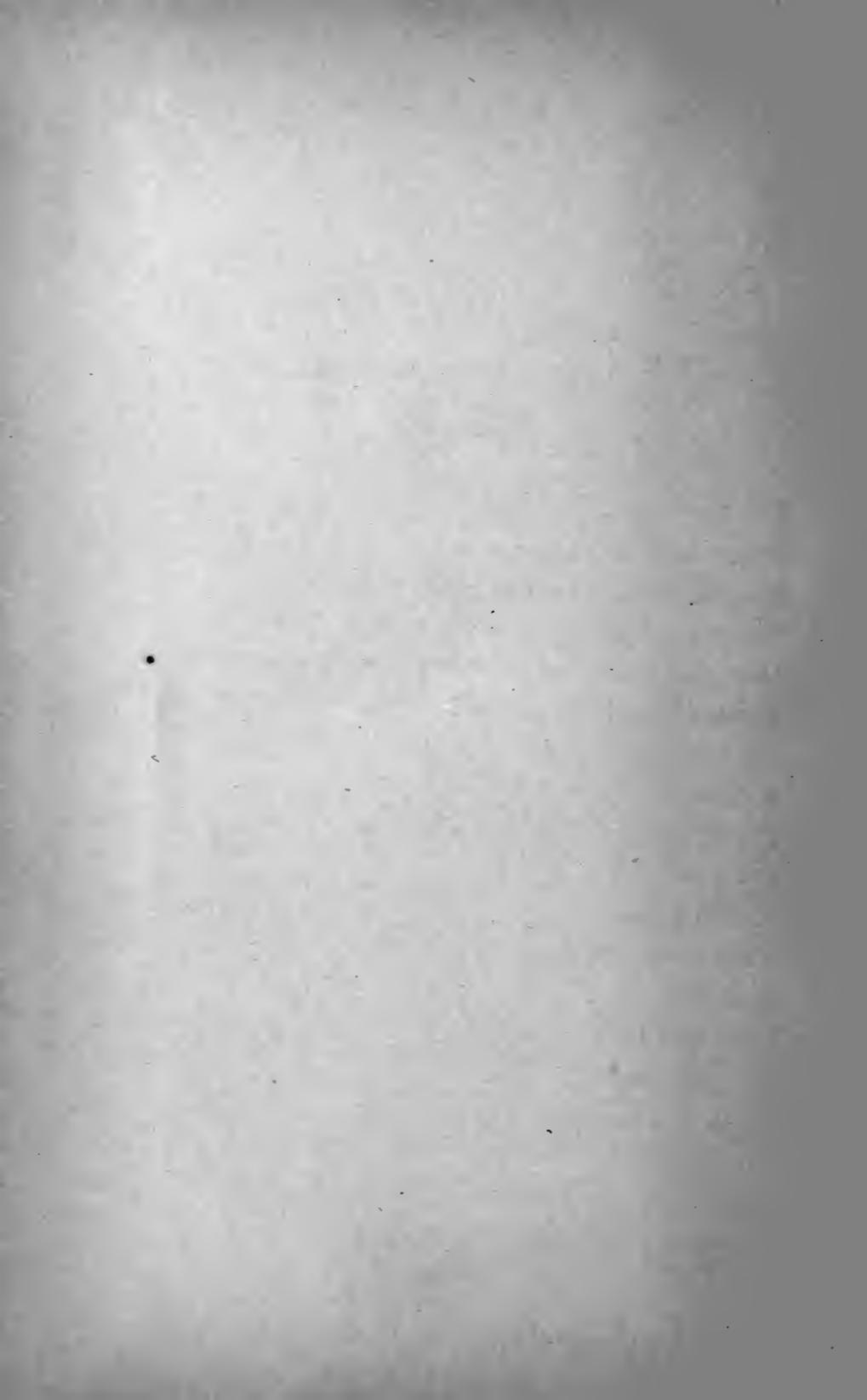


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P R E F A C E .

When a book is born into the world, it needs a name, as much as any other infant. Often a name may be given that is characteristic of the whole work; but, when the contents are peculiarly miscellaneous, it may take such a name as best suits the will and the fancy of the author. As this volume begins an existence at the beginning of a new year, it has received the title of **A NEW YEAR OFFERING.**

The wisdom of publishing in book form, such a variety of articles, some may presume to question. But, wise or unwise, when the thing is done it must stay done, whatever may be the opinion of critics. The shorter articles have been selected from a scrap-book, kept exclusively for original articles, the subjects of which were suggested by incidents and circumstances occurring at the time when they were written. Thinking and writing them out was found to be a pleasant recreation.

The book lays no claim to literary merit, either in philosophy, science, rhetoric, theology or poetry. The poetic articles have been sandwiched through the vol-

ume, agreeably to the inclination of the author. The sermons have been introduced, hoping that friends may be interested and profited by their perusal. In the lecture added, a free use has been made of such facts and illustrations, gathered from various sources, as seemed to illustrate the different phases of temper and passion, exhibited in common life, and are calculated to afford some useful and practical lessons to all who find any trouble in controlling their temper.

The whole book must take its chance among reviewers and critics, whatever may be its fate. If they flay this infant with their sharp knives, it may occasion some chagrin and pain; but all tears will be bravely suppressed. It starts in life like the infant for whom the parent feels no small anxiety; yet, with the hope and prayer to God, that it may not fail to profit the reader by the candid perusal of its pages. The ruling object of this volume is a desire for its usefulness, by presenting such practical views upon the various subjects, as shall tend to honor our Divine Lord and Master; and meet a response in the understanding, the faith, and the heart of every Christian reader.

A. W. F.

FISHERVILLE, Jan. 1, 1880.

A NEW YEAR OFFERING.

—o—

THE NEW YEAR.

We have just entered the vestibule of the New Year. Think of it as a temple comprising 365 apartments, which are all locked up by our Heavenly Father's hand, who knows what is in store for us; but who will allow us to know only as in regular rotation they are opened. Curiosity would lead us to open beforehand each of these apartments, could we be permitted to do it. But He wisely keeps the key in his own hand, telling us that, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" so, also, of the good thereof. God allows us to keep in mind the past, but he does not permit us to pry into the secrets of the future. Such an indulgence would be likely to unfit us for present duty. Suppose, however, He should allow some angel, or waiting spirit, to take the key, open and conduct you through all the rooms; that you might see at once, and know all that is to befall you during the 365 days of this year. Would you desire it? Allowed to take the key, suppose he begins the work. He opens to you one room, perhaps full of joys, another full of sorrows; and yet another of joys and sorrows intermingled. Here he opens a row of rooms full of health, and the next full of sickness, pain and suffering. Would you like to have it opened to you now? In another are the re-

mains of some dear friend, attired for the grave ; and, standing all around, you see cups of bitter tears and sorrows, and weeping kindred. Would you like, now beforehand, a view of that scene ? The angel conducts you to another apartment, plies his key, and there opens to you a room full of worldly prosperity ; another full of business troubles and vexations, disappointments, losses and bankruptcy ; and, inscribed on the walls, the motto of Solomon in regard to earthly things : “All is vanity and vexation of spirit.” Next, perhaps, the angel opens a room, where you may read on the walls, “Death ; this is the end of your probation. This closes your connection with time and this earthly tabernacle. Here take your final leave of kindred, your wealth or your poverty ; and go before your Judge, and render your account for every thought, word and deed of your life.”

Now would you, if you *could*, know what you must meet in this temple of 365 apartments, the vestibule of which you have just entered ? Would you know whether all of them, or only a part of them, will be open to your inspection ? Oh, no ! no ! Let the key be kept in our Heavenly Father’s hand, and all the knowledge of the future ; which He pleases not to reveal, be kept closely from our investigation, until the days in their regular rotation shall disclose it. If life is spared we *must* know, willing or not, what each of the apartments in this temple of present mysteries has in store for us. We cannot think of it without more or less solicitude. But if our peace is made with God through Jesus Christ, we have nothing to fear, whatever may come.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Happy, happy New Year !
Quite new—ne'er came before—
We with a welcome greet,
His knocking at our door.

Now, eighteen hundred seventy-nine,
Has fully run his race ;
And eighteen hundred eighty,
Steps in to take his place.

The months will all be new,
And every day and hour—
Only old names retained
Of months and weeks of yore.

The seasons will be new,
From winter to the fall ;
And all the fruits be new,
The corn and wheat and all.

Our Heavenly Father's hand,
From His unbounded store,
Will pour upon our race
His blessings every hour ;

And all for Jesus' sake,
For nothing can we claim ;
We ask for what we need
Only in Jesus' name.

Whatever He may send,
Of pleasure or of pain,
Will all be ordered right,
Nor should we dare complain.

God's purposes are sealed
For the ensuing year ;
But as time's glass shall run,
In order they'll appear.

The past ne'er comes again,
Of time once rolled away;
Its record all concealed,
To wait the reckoning day.

Then let this year be spent,
That happy we may be—
What e'er may come in time
Or in eternity!

—: o :—

MAN TRANSPARENT IN THE SIGHT OF GOD.

In passing one of our shops the other day, I noticed a peculiar sort of time-piece under a glass. The wheels were all exposed to the eye, through the glass, so that you could see how they connected with each other, and moved in their regular order, and communicated with the pointers on the face, designating the hour of the day. This suggested the thought, that it would be a matter of great interest, to have *men* made transparent; so that you could see how the heart beats, sending out the blood on one side, through the arteries, and receiving it again, on the other side, through the veins; also, how the lungs play—how food is digested—how the biliary duct conveys bile into the stomach—in a word, how all the internal organs perform their functions. It would, at least, gratify curiosity, if nothing more; if all this wonderful piece of mechanism could be exhibited to our view like the time-piece under the glass.

More interesting still, would it be, to see man made

transparent in his *moral* functions : to see how all the faculties of the soul operate—how *reason* works, how conscience approves or stings, how the *judgment* weighs testimony and renders the verdict, how the *will* determines and sticks to it ; how love embraces its object, how *faith* flashes its keen eye, how all the machinery of the whole moral and intellectual man performs its wonderful exploits. Now let us bear in mind, that thus man's whole soul is open or transparent in the sight of God. His all-searching eye pierces the heart, and tries the reins ; so that He is familiar with every particular of men's characters, even more so than the human eye is with the various parts of the time-piece under the glass. Since God so perfectly knows us, it is most important to know ourselves. The maxim of Thales, “*Know thyself,*” ought to be kept before the mind of every generation ; for the practical value of the instruction packed into those two words, when placed together.

Moreover, God has given us His word, which reflects every man's character as the mirror reflects the image of the object placed before it. It shows the good, if there is any, that it may be cherished ; and the evil, that it may be put away. The fact of our moral transparency in the sight of God, should incite us to great care, that our thoughts, motives, affections and deportment be such as to please Him in all things.

RECIPE FOR MAKING PRAYER-MEETINGS PROFITABLE.

Go with a heart warmed with love to Christ and Christian brethren. Carry a spirit of prayer with you ; and then you will be sure to have it when you get there. Be ready and prompt to speak and pray ; and, if you can, sing. Wait not to be called upon to do these duties. Wait not for others, who are disposed to be delinquent. Let the time be so fully occupied in reading a short portion of Scripture, in prayer, singing and remarks ; and with such readiness and earnestness, that it may seem as if one could hardly wait for another. Backwardness and waiting throw a deathly chill into the meeting.

Let there be one subject only at each meeting, and that be suggested by the portion of Scripture read ; and let all the remarks made have a bearing on that subject ; and let ordinary seasons of social prayer not exceed one hour.

Let brevity be observed. Long prayers are apt to abound in vain repetitions, and prolonged remarks are often tedious. The example of prayer given by our Lord and Saviour may be easily repeated in half a minute. The prayer of the publican comprises only six words, and still is very comprehensive. From three to five minutes is as long as is usually profitable for any brother at one time to occupy in remarks or prayer. In the closet one may pray all night, if he chooses ; but in the social circle, let him be short, specific, fervent. Keep the exercises free from all friction of unkind feel-

ings and censorious remarks ; and let every mind and heart be so oiled up with the graces of the Spirit, that every wheel shall run easy. Let it be manifest that all are of one mind, heart and spirit, and that spirit be the spirit of Christ.

Let attendance on these meetings be regular and constant as possible. Be sure to go, if possible. Go and see who are there, for you will not be likely to know if you are absent. If your faith is weak, go ; if your love is chilled, go ; if hope is clouded, go ; if joy and peace fail to rise in your soul, go. Every Christian be sure, if possible, to go, that the activities of the soul may be stirred up and drawn out in the service of Christ. If you have a long time staid away, and the Christian armor has got rusty, go. "Prayer makes it bright ;" burnishes the shield, the sword, the helmet and the breast-plate of righteousness. Go, if you expect only a few to be there ; for, if you stay away, the number will be still less. Go, as did the good deacon, to the old red school-house, year after year, and often alone ; and, like him, you may, by-and-by, find the house filled with anxious and prayerful worshipers, and see souls converted to Christ.

Go, expecting the presence and refreshings of the Holy Spirit, and expecting to meet Jesus there, agreeably to his promise, that where two or three are gathered in His name, He will be in the midst of them. Be sure and go to the prayer-meeting, when it is possible, even at the sacrifice of ease, and profit in worldly things ; and you will find a rich reward in it to your soul, and see blessings descend upon the church of Christ.

Go! all go! and carry out these suggestions, and God's blessing will be with you, sure as his promises. Try faithfully this recipe. Never has it been known to fail.

—: o :—

LINES

Suggested on visiting the grave of a dear departed friend.

This spot I visit oft,
To drop affection's tear,
The resting-place of one
Whose mem'ry is most dear.

These evergreens were set
By hands of love and care—
Memorials of the friend
Whose dust lies buried here.

Hosts of impressive thoughts
Rush fresh upon my mind,
While lingering at the grave
Of this departed friend.

Her dust alone is here;
The priceless spirit—where?
'Tis gone to be with Christ,
The bliss of heaven to share!

Bless'd spirit, couldst thou speak,
I'd ask the, What is heaven?
And love to hear thee tell
How praise to Christ is given;

Who leads the heavenly choir;
How saints join harp and voice;
And all the hosts of heaven
In one sweet song rejoice!

Hast thou a harp of gold ?
 A crown upon thy head ?
 A palm of victory ?
 A sceptre at thy side ?
 Such questions I forbear ;—
 I'll trust God's Word alone ;
 Since spirits ne'er reveal
 What things in heaven are done.

This tells me ear nor eye
 Hath ever heard or seen,
 Nor mind of man conceived
 The joy of saints in heaven !
 Then tell me not that death
 Is other than a friend,
 To bear the ransomed soul
 To joys that never end.

Death surely is a *friend*
 To every true believer.
 He comes to cut life's ties,
 And thus the soul deliver
 From all sin,
 From all tears,
 From all pain,
 From all fears.

Death, too, indeed, is *gain*,
 To every true believer ;
 Whose hope is sure of heaven,
 His glorious home forever ;
 Where all's love,
 Where all's bliss,
 Where all's praise,
 Where Christ is.

A SCHOOL DIALOGUE.

[*The daughter, just returned from the High School, finds her mother knitting, with cap and spectacles, etc.*]

Tabby. How do you do, dear mother? How glad I am to see you! I hope you are very well. (*Kisses her.*)

Mother. Why! massy on us! Tabby, dear, is it you that's come? How have you ben these school-days? I'm merciful glad to see you! indeed, I am. Have you ben well?

Tabby. Yes, mother; and had a good time—a good teacher, who has the snap in her, and who makes us all toe the line, and a straight line, too. She wouldn't let us whisper, nor be idle, nor fail to get our lessons, and was very particular in everything. Oh, mother, I liked her very much, and my school-mates, too.

Mother. Hope you've ben larnin' right smart. It was hard for me to spare you, leavin' me to do all the work alone. I've had to work awful hard to keep you in school. I've ben knittin', and sewin', and bakin', and washin', and scrubbin', and blackin' the stove, besides worryin' about you, lest you should git into bad comp'ny and behave badly yourself.

Tabby. Why, mother; I've been good. See, here's my roll of standing in my class. (*Showing the record.*) Twenty-five is perfect. You see my mark is twenty-four in grammar, twenty-three and one-half in arithmetic, twenty-one and a quarter in spelling, and in deportment twenty-two and five-eighths. Isn't that good, mother?

Mother. Guess you've ben doin' somethin', and you

ought to be better after spendin' so much money that your father and I have labored so hard to arn.

Tabby. Mother, I wish you wouldn't pronounce your words so. It is very improper and vulgar.

Mother. Pernounce how?

Tabby. You say *doin'* for doing, and *somethin'* for something. Just now you said *knittin'* and *sewin'* and *bakin'* and *cookin'* and *washin'* and *scrubbin'*; and you say *ben* for been, and *git* for get. You pronounce *i-n-g in'*, when you should say *ing*. My teacher says such pronunciation is very improper, and that it is evidence of a defective education, and a want of good taste, and an abuse of the English language.

Mother. Why, Tabby; you've got to be very nice by goin' to the High School, and now you come home to teach your mother, who is above three times as old as you—yes, teach her how to talk! I larned to talk afore you was ever born, and had good larnin' enough, and you needn't go to makin' a fuss about my pernunciation, for I won't have it. Shame on you, to think to teach your mother, who is old enough to teach that High School you've ben to, teacher and all.

Tabby. Yes, mother, you are old enough, if that's all. But I tell you that *i-n-g* spells *ing*, not *in'*. Why not pronounce it right?

Mother. 'Tis right 'nuff, and I don't care if it ain't 'cordin' to the High School way.

Tabby. Where's father?

Mother. He's choppin' wood. Just now he was smokin' his pipe. Last fall, when you's gone, he was diggin' pertaters and gittin' 'em into the cellar; and

then he was huskin' corn, and drivin' all sorts of farmin' work.

Tabby. There, mother ! you've done it again. It's too bad to murder words by such pronunciation. What's the reason you won't try to pronounce right, mother ?

Mother. I speak as the neighbors do. There's your Aunt Bumper and Uncle Logman talk jest as I do, and there's no need and no use at all bein' so perticular callin' words.

Tabby. So you mean to keep up that vulgar habit. I'm very sorry you won't correct yourself.

Mother. Your father talks jest as I do.

Tabby. Yes, mother ; I know it, and you can't break him of the habit.

Mother. No—any more'n you can break him of the evil habit of chewin' and smokin' terbacker.

Tabby. Well, I think it is too bad to abuse the English language after this sort. Our teachers would think you very ignorant and uncultivated and vulgar, should they hear you talk so.

Mother. What do you think you'll do, Tabby, when you git to keepin' school?

Tabby. One thing, I know, mother. I'll be sure to pronounce *i-n-g ing*, not *in'*. I shall not say spellin' for spelling, nor parsin' for parsing.

Mother. Well, I don't know what you'll come to, if you go much longer to that 'ar High School. Mebbe you'll git so full of larnin', and you'll know so much more'n your old mother, that there'll be no livin' with you in peace. [Exit.]

OUR CANARY BIRD.

A more sensible and happy little bird than our canary it would be difficult to find. As a singer he is superb. With a voice of silvery sweetness, and of large compass for the size of his musical organs ; he charms all the musical ears within hearing. He seems delighted with his own music, and, making a short pause after a performance ; looks about and seems proudly to say : What think you of that? Is it not charming? Like a hand-organ, he has a fixed number of tunes, and can practice none but these. When about to strike up his best tunes, he usually calls out, *chip, chip, chip*, meaning, now give attention ; and he dashes away with all his power, like an earnest fiddler, in the quickest notes possible ; when the vibrations of his little glottis, and bill, are rapid as the reeds of an organ.

He has a sharp, keen eye, about the size of a pin-head, and a dress of tasteful pale yellow, trimmed with black, and a black cap on his head ; very much in the style now worn by young ladies, which they call hats. His claws are long and sharp as needles, and his legs about the size of a brass pin. He is, indeed, called a splendid bird ; made up chiefly of lungs and feathers. He is never still for a minute by day, but hopping about his little cage, as if his business was very important and pressing. He eats in haste, as if he could hardly afford the time for that purpose ; and is very fond of variety ; as seeds, boiled egg, cracker, chickweed, sweet apples, etc. With peculiar skill he snaps off the shell, and takes only the meat of the seeds. It is amusing to see him bathe and make his toilet in the morning. When fresh water is given him, he first tastes

it, then dips in his head, washing his face ; this several times done, he steps in and bathes himself entire, making the water fly with his wings in all directions, like a shower. This done, he shakes himself several times, and makes his toilet with as much care as the young lady before the mirror preparing for company. When the evening comes, he perches himself on the highest stick, in the attic of his cage ; rolls himself up in the form of a ball, with his head tucked under one wing, and so rests quietly till the morning. At an early hour he begins the new day with a sweet song, and seems ever joyous and happy as a bird can be.

—:o:—

A VACATION POEM.

[This was the production of one just slipping off the shoes of a Freshman and putting on those of a Sophomore—an appointment by the Freshman Debating Club.]

Midst other things of some concern,
Our *Club* resolved on their return,
After a short vacation ;
That one or more should use the quill,
And during absence try his skill
In making composition.

Ac modo est, in usual mood,
The Club returned, their plan pursued,
And *first* comes A's oration ;
Now comes the poem in its turn,
A very hasty, crude concern,
Made in a brief vacation.

While I perform this direful task,
Your sober patience now I ask,
As I rehearse the sequel ;
I'm sure you've not expected much,
And surer still my rhyme is such,
You'll nowhere find its equal.

theme

My name shall be the phantom *Fame*,
 Which poets often strive to gain,
 With painful toil and might ;
 But rare secure the gew-gaw ghost,
 So bubble like a thing, she's lost,
 While scarce you've gained her sight,

We know some bards of olden time,
 Pen'd thoughts that burn in worlds sublime,
 In lines that harmonize ;
 Keen muses did their verse inspire,
 And fil'd them with a bard-like fire,
 Which won a world wide praise.

Homer, the pride of every age,
 With thoughts sublime bedeck'd his page,
 Heroic in his song ;
 And *Virgil*, too, who's not behind
 The first of poets of his kind,
 Is one among the throng.

Once *Milton* was, and *Grey*, and *Watts*,
Cowper, and *Young*, and *Pope*, and *Scott*,
 And others we might mention ;
 Whose works like heaven's bright lamp illumines
 The darkness that o'erspreads the tombs, *their*.
 Much fam'd in every nation.

We would not say that those we've nam'd
 Wrote merely that they might be fam'd,
 And win the laud of nations ;
 But fain would hope that they designed
 To enlighten and improve mankind,
 Of every grade and station.

These poets *were*, but now are not,
Their flesh like ours, was made to rot,
 When mortal life is o'er;
Unlike a rocket in the sky,
They leave a train that will not die,
 Till time shall be no more.

Tho' *Fame's* proud temple towers so high
Its spire seems lost in the deep blue sky,
 'Tis but a fickle splendor;
That mortal man should strive to rise,
And toil his life for such a prize,
 Is truly a great wonder.

Fame's but a poltroon, let her die,
Sunk in oblivion, let her lie,
 A long, a *long* vacation;
Yea, let this tempter *ever* rest,
With all her evils deep in dust,
 Without a resurrection.

May useful living be our aim,
Instead of seeking empty fame,
 While we remain in college;
And our Creator grant his aids,
That we may fill our empty heads
 With much substantial knowledge.

The poet's yoke thus hard to bear,
In time to come I shall beware,
 In our concise vacations;
My task is done; and hard my job,
And now I beg the *Freshman Club*
 Pardon my frail exertions.

THE SCHOLAR'S COMPOSITION TROUBLE.

"Composition day is coming, and oh! what shall I do? This writing compositions is the hardest thing! Well, I've tried to get excused, but my teacher won't excuse me, though it's awful hard. I have been trying to think up a subject, but if I get one, I can't think of anything to write about it. If I make one sentence, I am troubled to make another to match it; and then to add another, and enough to make up fifteen lines, is a great task.

"Composition! composition! What does it mean? I have studied Latin a little, and my teacher says the word is derived from *con* and *pono*, which the dictionary says signifies to put or place together, or to put words together so as to convey sensible ideas. My teacher tells me to think, or set my intellectual mill running. Think and think, and then write what I think. He says I must think of what I have seen and heard and read, and learned in various other ways, and then put my thoughts on paper, and I shall have a composition. One thing I have learned is, that the English alphabet is a composition of just twenty-six letters; and that all the words that fill thousands of volumes are expressed by the multiplied combinations of these letters. Now, of these, my teacher says I have the free use to work up into a composition, with all the seventy or eighty thousand words in Webster's Dictionary, which is a wonderful composition book. He says I can take my choice of all these words, and

use them as I please. He tells me, also, that I must think more, and call to mind things past, and what I know of things present. I will try.

"From my geography, I have learned that the earth is a composition of land and water, and a multitude of other things. My philosophy tells me that the atmosphere is a composition of oxygen and nitrogen, and that water is a composition of oxygen and hydrogen; and that the rainbow is a composition of seven different colors. I have read that there are 222,000 books in Harvard College library, and yet, it is true that all of them in the English language, with their millions of words, have only 26 different letters. Such a marvelous combination and composition astonishes me!"

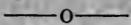
"I now see that our school is composed of teachers, and composition writers, books and other necessary things; also, that the human body is a very curious composition of bones, muscles, nerves, blood, heart, tongue, eyes, ears, hands, feet, and other organs too many to name. These, with the soul added, make up the man; who is the most wonderful of all created compositions, physical and intellectual. Society, I notice, is a composition of good and bad people. Indeed, the world is full of compositions, everywhere abounding, and teaching valuable lessons. It does not seem so hard, after all, to make a school composition, when well begun. It is only, as my teacher says, to open our eyes, and take a sharp look at objects, and then think, and think, and then write what we think, and the task is done."

LONG BEARDS.

"Why don't you cut off that ugly beard?" said Joe Shave to Bill Beard. "Ugly?" replied Bill, "why so? It is a part of myself that my Creator made, as much as He did the face on which it grows; and you have no more right to call it ugly, than you have to call me so." "I mean no offence, Bill; but I see no good reason for wearing that bushy stuff on your face." "Then I must believe you very short-sighted, as well as ignorant of the value of a beard; though it is not so strange, since you raise none yourself, except to destroy it as fast as it grows." "Tell me, then," said Joe, "what is the use of wearing on your phiz what looks fit only for a shoe-brush?" "I don't like," replied Bill, "the comparison of a beard to a shoe-brush, any more than you would like to have the hair upon your head compared to a kitchen broom. Now, Joe, if you will be candid, I will give you some good reasons for wearing the beard. In the first place, there is great comfort in it, as a protection to the face, throat and lungs, in cold weather. It is also a protection against the hot sun in warm weather, and no burden at all. Then it costs much time and material for constant shaving. Another reason against this act is, that taking off the beard abstracts from a man's manliness. A man *without* a beard is not so much of a man, as a man with a beard. To cut it off, makes him look womanish. A shaggy lion shorn of his mane, would be shorn of his dignity and majesty, and made a comparatively inferior animal. As it would be a war and insult upon nature to shear a shaggy lion, so

it is a war upon nature to shave off a man's beard. A man has no more right to cut off his beard, than a woman has to put one on. Besides, it is anti-apostolic and anti-scriptural to shave off the beard. The Jews were expressly forbidden by Moses, acting under divine authority, to cut off their beards. Exceptions were made to this, when persons were afflicted with leprosy. Such were to have all the hair shaved from their heads, together with their beards and eyebrows, to aid in the cure of this disease. To be deprived of the beard, was regarded as a matter of so great mortification that David's servants, who had been shaved by Hanum, King of the Ammonites, were bid by David to tarry at Jericho till their beards were grown. In time of affliction and mourning, the Jews were allowed to cut off their beards. The ancient prophets, apostles and dignitaries of the church, kings, governors and subjects, wore long beards; and it was regarded very disgraceful to have this badge of manliness and dignity taken away. The ancient Germans regarded cutting off the beard a high offence. Among the Eastern nations generally, the beard ever has been and is still regarded as a badge of manly dignity and honor. So now with Jews, Turks and others. The Arabs look upon their beards as sacred ornaments, given by God, to distinguish them from women. They never shave. The Persians say that the beard is the perfection of the human face. Examples of antiquity are abundant against the modern practice of shaving. The custom of doing this, it is said, came into use during the reign of Louis XIII. and XIV., of France; each of whom

ascended the throne without a beard. Courtiers, and people of the cities, began to shave, in order to look like the king ; and as he took the lead in all matters of fashion, on the continent of Europe, shaving became general ; but it is only since the beginning of the last century, it is said, that shaving off the whole beard became general. The custom of wearing the beard has been wisely revived in our own country, generally, and never should again be abandoned. It is best to wear *all* the beard, at such length as is most convenient. But, if any part is shaved, let it be the upper lip ; which is the most inconvenient and distasteful place to wear it. Some one has called the mere moustache the ‘drapery on the lip for the loss of brains.’ Fancy shaving, generally, is objectionable, on the ground of good taste, and as detracting by so much from man’s dignity, beauty and manliness. But here we leave the subject, for the candid consideration of all the shavers and the anti-shavers.”



ELECTION—A FABLE.

A certain frog-pond became a place of great excitement. The frogs and tadpoles all set to leaping and splashing and twattling about the election of a king. It was quite amusing to stand beside this pond and see the water made turbid, by stirring up the filth from the very bottom. In different parts of the foul water, some of the big frogs climbed upon old logs, which peered just above the water, and there croaked ; some for one candidate and some for another, and a few for a third,

upon whose head they wished to place the crown. The ambitious and selfish leaders set the whole amphibious tribe in great commotion. Everything was said and done that wisdom and wit and sophistry could suggest, to put the favorite candidate upon the throne. Some croaked for their candidate, affirming that he would confer special favors upon those who would croak him into office. Others croaked in favor of a different candidate, for a like reason. Those who croaked for a third candidate for the crown, kept themselves on the skirts and shoal places in the pond, on the pretext that they did not like either of the other candidates. Little squads of these reptiles collected in various locations in the pond, contriving by what means they could best succeed in their designs, in making their favorite the king.

The day appointed for the decision came; and the amphibious tribe, of all sorts, engaged in the strife of electing their several candidates. What a gathering it was! Every frog and tadpole, old and young, that could be enticed or bribed into service, came forward; some decrepit by age, and some sick and nearly as much dead as alive, and hardly able to leap at all, were carried to the gathering. After some delay the result was proclaimed, and the successful candidate was crowned king of the pond for one year.

MORAL. *True patriotism*, and not self or party interest, should be made a rule of action. The *truly wise* will not consent to be used as tools, to work out the evil designs of selfish demagogues.

THE DRUNKARD'S CUP.

Touch not the drunkard's cup,
Taste not the poison there;
Far keep it from your lips—
'Tis ruin, death, despair.

It has an adder's sting,
It has a serpent's bite;
'Tis fever in the brain,
To mind, a wasting blight.

See thro' the human frame,
The fated venom fly;
Till, by the deadly bane,
Both mind and body die.

War has its millions slain,
Widows and orphans made;
And raging plague has sent
Its myriads to the dead.

But alcoholic drinks,
A pest more deadly far,
Has swept more souls from earth
Than plague or wasting war.

Touch not the death-filled cup;
Abstain from alcohol;
Then may you hope to 'scape
The drunkard's dreadful fall.

Ne'er make, nor sell, nor drink,
Nor smile on such a foe,
By which so many sink
To death and fearful woe.

Come, join the temp'rance band;
With one consent, come all,
And firmly take your stand
As foes to *alcohol*.

FASHION.

It has been said, that “one may as well be out of the world as out of fashion.” Well, it does seem as if some people fear to disobey the dictates of fashion about as much as they fear to die. *Fashion*—what is it? It was one thing yesterday, and will be another thing to-morrow, and yet another the day after. It is as fickle as the wind, and ever changing, like the moon. Fashion is a tyrant, and not a few regard it more disgraceful to disobey him, then they do to break the ten commandments. Where is the tyrant more arbitrary and exacting than King Fashion? He rules his subjects from head to feet, and they consent to be his abject slaves. He overrides and breaks down all their independence and individuality. If he orders a stove-pipe hat, a hard or a soft hat, a bell-top or a thimble-top, a wide brim or a narrow brim, a low crown or a high crown, his subjects hasten to obey. If he orders coats to be made long or short, with loose sleeves or tight sleeves, with high collars or low collars, sack style or frock style, broad-skirted or swallow-tailed, all fashion lovers will yield to the dictation. If he orders, as the style for the feet, round toes or square toes, broad toes or narrow toes, snub-toes or box-toes, high heels or low heels, broad heels or topple heels, his vassals hasten to obey him. Convenience and comfort are of less concern than obedience to this master.

Illustrations of this subject are more numerous among the ladies than among gentlemen. Not a few of them are fashion worshipers; and, it has been said, have sacrificed their lives to this idol. It is supposed

that the expression, “One may as well be out of the world as out of fashion,” originated with this better half of our race. Be that as it may, not a few of them are so lacking in courage and individuality, that they dare not disobey the mandates of King Fashion. If he orders what one lady called a “little skimmer” of a bonnet, they have been ready to lay one on the top or on the back of the head ; or to adopt the vegetable style, as the cabbage leaf or turn-up form. It is really funny to watch the ingenuity of ladies, in contriving something new in their decorations, and how they seem to vie with one another in decorating the head for public observation and fashion’s sake.

If this tyrant orders the ladies to make a brush of a long dress, and to sweep the dusty or the muddy street ; however disagreeable it may be to them, they obey him. At his bidding, the ladies do not hesitate to set themselves up on high and small-heeled shoes, which give them a toppling gait, inclining them forward from a perpendicular, and almost compelling them to assume uncouth postures. All fashion worshipers are fond of notice, when it is complimentary to their idols. He binds his votaries with heavy chains, in which they fancy sweet music.

Oh, fickle fashion ! what’s the use
Of making such a constant fuss ?
'Cause we dare not disobey,
All his abject servants say ;
And just as well be out of creation,
As disobey this tyrant *Fashion*.

DEAD AND LIVING PRAYERS.

It is stated, on good authority, that "nearly two millions, annually, of letters forwarded through the various post-offices of the country, fail to find the person to whom they are directed, and go to the dead letter office at Washington." The expense of writing and forwarding these letters seems to be lost, and the letters useless, because dead. Now, the fate of these letters has suggested a reason why so many prayers, annually offered, amounting, no doubt, to many millions, seem never to reach the mercy-seat, and bring not the blessings sought. They are properly denominated dead prayers. Dead, because they came from the lips merely, and not from the heart; or from a heart without any spiritual life in it; did not live in the soul before they were uttered, and were, therefore, still-born. A great many of these harangues, called prayers, it is feared, are scarcely more than lazy wishes, or asking for things not much desired, nor sought for by any appropriate labor. They are dead, because not followed up by corresponding efforts; as the prayers of the husbandman for a harvest will be dead, if the soil is not prepared, seed sown, and other necessary means used to secure the crop. So prayers for the outpouring of the Spirit, a revival of religion and the conversion of sinners. If the necessary efforts are withheld on the part of the church, all are rejected and turned away, like the letters sent to the dead letter office. They may be dead because misdirected, or not offered in the name of Christ, or without true faith in him. Except they have a stamp on them, in His name, as Mediator,

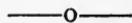
they surely fail of going to the place of their destination. So, also, if not attended by the intercession of the Spirit ; "for the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered ;" or excites desires too strong for language, and are better expressed by a sigh or a groan.

God will not regard prayer unless it is attended by a holy earnestness of soul which gives it life. Earnestness of voice or of the lungs merely, may be of some account with men, but God's ear is ever open to the earnest whisper of the believing soul. Prayers are often dead, because offered from some selfish motive, or prompted by some personal favor, and not by a desire that God may be glorified. Sometimes they are dead for want of union and agreement among the petitioners. It may be as to the time, place or manner of bestowing upon the church the blessings asked. What a waste of words in discordant petitions, for there is no spiritual life in them.

Dead prayers fail in perseverance. The hypocrite will not always, or habitually, call upon God. He may sometimes, in a season of distress, but when the distress is over, his lifeless petitions will cease. Jacob's perseverance till he obtained the blessing, proved that his was a living petition. But we need not dwell upon the characteristics of dead prayers. It is no marvel that such petitions fail of acceptance with God ; coming from a heart without spiritual life, without being attended by suitable efforts, offered without faith in Christ, and without the aid of the Spirit, prompted by wrong motives, without union among the petitioners, and without perseverance. How many millions of such

prayers, failing in some one or in all these points, annually go to the place of dead prayers. It is easy to account for the withholding of those blessings for which such prayers are offered. It is in perfect keeping with the promises of God. What constitutes living prayer, will be readily inferred from what has thus far been stated.

The fault and the failure of these prayers which God does not accept, rests entirely with those who offer them. Lamentable indeed, is it, that so many thousands, and even millions, of prayers, annually offered, in the closet, at the family altar, in the social circle, and in the house of God, seem to be in vain. These places of prayer, and the comparative fewness of the blessings received, testify to the inefficiency and deadness of many offerings to God. Those who pray should study to know the specific cause of their failures, and apply the remedy, lest millions more of their offerings be consigned to the place of dead and vain oblations.



THE HEART AND TONGUE.

One Mr. Tongue,
Of much renown,
Who lived at large
In Tattletown,
Was mischief full,
And wicked, too,
As all could tell,
If Tongue they knew.

The statute brought,
The charge was plain,
That Tongue was full
Of deadly bane.*

*James iii: 8.

Tongue then was seized
 And brought to court,
 Pleading himself
 The impending suit:

'Tis neighbor Heart,
 Plead Mr. Tongue,
 Who leads me into
 So much wrong.†
 I should be good
 As neighbors are—
 As Mr. Nose,
 Or Eye, or Ear—
 If neighbor Heart,
 Who lives below,
 Were changed by grace
 Or made anew.
 'Tis very hard
 To bear the wrong,
 Of neighbor Heart,
 Said Mr. Tongue.

This plea is sound
 Of Mr. Tongue,
 Jurors and Judge
 Said, all as one.
 While neighbor Heart
 Is all so wrong,
 No good, they said,
 Could come from Tongue.

The court decide,
 As the best good,
 To renovate
 The neighborhood;
 That Mr. Heart
 Must be renewed,
 Or never Tongue
 Can be subdued.

† Matt. xv: 19.

FAITH AND UNBELIEF.

These are ruling principles, but they are antagonistic—never agree together—never dwell together in the same mind without controversy. The one that gets the upper hand rules with a potent influence. To illustrate this by the different views taken of a familiar question. What hinders the more abundant enjoyment of revivals in our churches, the outpouring of the Spirit and the conversion of sinners? Unbelief says, the times and circumstances are not favorable, and such a blessing is not to be expected, with so many obstacles in the way. Political excitement, newspaper controversy; a pressure of worldly cares, and worldly pleasures, divert the public mind, and we must wait for a more convenient season. But Faith says, there is no need of delay, for God is ready to bless all who take hold and hold on to his promises, doing their duty, waiting upon him by humble prayer, all wakeful and working.

Unbelief says, the membership of the churches are in such a depressed state of coldness and indifference, that we could hardly get a vote to have a revival now, if it should be attempted, and it would be of no use to try. Faith says, put away indifference, cast off the mantle of sloth, and fall to work in the vineyard of Christ, and soon you will get warmed. The sluggish pulse would be quickened, vigor diffused through the whole body, and spiritual health and prosperity prevail in the church. But Unbelief says, we can do nothing without the Holy Spirit, and sits down to wait for it; and that sinners are so hardened in transgression, by long resisting the claims of the Gospel, that all its

force, in the shape of calls, warnings, invitations and promises, seem to be spent upon them in vain. Faith understands all this, but instead of idly waiting for the Spirit, is on her feet hard at work and praying for the bestowment of the blessing.

Where is Faith? Is she dwelling and ruling among the professed followers of Christ in our churches, or are they governed by Unbelief? The unbelieving church says, our pastor is dull, and don't preach rousing revival sermons; and we cannot expect to see souls converted till there is more unction and power in his preaching. Faith says, stay up the hands of your pastor, by your hearty co-operation and your prayers, and he will preach a great deal better for it. The unbelieving pastor says, if my church would all wake up to their duty, pray and labor as they ought, we should soon have a rich spiritual refreshing; but it is of no use to make much effort while the church are all slumbering. The pastor full of faith says it *is* of use, and I will preach with all my power, and continue to do all I can while life lasts, trusting in God for a blessing.

Thus it is, the unbelieving church casts the responsibility upon the pastor, and then the unbelieving pastor rolls it back upon the church; instead of all joining heart and hand in their appropriate duties. His duty is to hold, keep upright and manage the Gospel plow; but he needs the whole team of the church to haul it, in order to break up the fallow ground of the heart and prepare for the sowing and the harvest.

Unbelief, then, is the great, perhaps the greatest, hindrance to the conversion of sinners and to the pros-

perity of a church ; inasmuch as it leads to a neglect of the means which God has appointed as necessary to secure His blessing. He is ever ready to help those who faithfully labor to help themselves, in humble reliance upon His aid. How appropriate the prayer,—“Lord, increase our faith” ; increase our activities and our love to souls. Let us pray believing, work hoping, unitedly and perseveringly. With peremptory decision, let us say, begone unbelief, begone sloth, begone procrastination of duty ; stand by, worldly cares, and keep your proper place ; get out of the way, all obstacles that hinder the outpouring of the Spirit, the conversion of sinners, and the growth and fruitfulness of our churches. May our faith be strong, our zeal and love for souls kindled to a holy flame ; and, taking hold on the promises, and fulfilling their conditions, God will give His blessing. Let us believe it, pray for it, labor for it, do our every duty, and we shall not be disappointed.

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THE ROBIN'S VISIT,

AND DIALOGUE WITH A CANARY BIRD IN HER CAGE.

ROBIN—I would n't be a caged bird,
Such bondage do I scorn ;
To sing for nothing but my bread,
At ev'ning and at morn.

CANARY—I am happy here as I can be,
I know no better home ;
I would n't be a bird like you,
The fields and woods to roam.

ROBIN—Oh! what a set of ign'rant birds
 All you canaries are,
Pent up for life within your cage,
 While we live free as air.

CANARY—I've water, seeds, and other things,
 Which sure are very good;
I never eat such filthy worms
 As you receive for food.

ROBIN—But you're an abject slave, shut up
 Within this cage of wire,
While I am free to use my wings
 In sailing through the air.

CANARY—But here I have a pretty nest,
 Nicer than you can match,
And in it, two sweet little eggs,
 Which soon I hope to hatch.

ROBIN—But when your little ones are born,
 Pris'ners like you they'll be;
Nor joyous freedom ever know,
 Flying from tree to tree.

CANARY—I must confess my anxious wish
 For freedom such as thine;
I know not why I should be cag'd,
 Since never charged with crime.

ROBIN—I'd rather never be a bird,
 If I could not be free;
If I must live and die like you,
 And know no liberty.

CANARY—Do stay, dear Robin—come again;
 More lessons give to me;
Oh!—going so soon, dear friend—
 Good-by, good-by to thee.

CUT OFF THE RUNNERS.

While passing by a garden, we saw some promising strawberry vines. We said to the gardener, who was at work among the beds, the strawberry is an excellent fruit, and with suitable soil and culture, together with sunshine and showers, which God gives, you may expect a good crop. "Yes," replied the gardener; "yet one thing more is necessary." "What is that?" "You must cut off the runners; for they absorb a large portion of the nutriment from mother earth, which is needed to promote the growth of the fruit." From this, we thought, that professed Christians may deduce a valuable lesson. These runners aptly represent worldly cares, which, if allowed to grow beyond a certain limit, so absorb the virtues of piety, as greatly to diminish its fruits. Like strawberry runners, one leads this way, and another that, and a third, yet another way; and thereby so great a proportion of that spiritual nourishment which God has prepared for his people, is absorbed by these runners, that the fruits of piety are rendered dwarfish and unripe, like the small, green strawberries, and the garden of the Great Master fails in fruitfulness. The Christian, therefore, has occasion to watch; and when he sees the runners pushing out in one direction or another, and interfering with the fruits of obedience to Christ, to apply the knife of resolution promptly, that by a seasonable excision, the fruits of holiness may not fail to become ripe in the soul of the believer in Jesus Christ.

WANTS OF THE PROFESSED CHRISTIAN.

They are very many. One thing I want is, a *full* proof of union to Christ, or to be *certain* that I am a true Christian. I *hope* I am, but I want a brighter hope. I think I have some true faith; but I want a *stronger* faith. I think I have some true love to Jesus, but I want a more ardent love. I think I love his people, but I want to love them more; and I want some of them to make themselves more lovable.

I think I love his commands and his service, but I want more proof of it in myself, and to give more proof to others. But these are only the beginning of my wants, as a professed follower of Jesus. I must go on. I want to maintain, habitually, a spirit of earnest, humble prayer. I think I have some of this, but I want a larger measure of it; more intimate communion with Jesus; or to wrestle with the Angel of the Covenant, as did Jacob, and prevail.

I want the witness of the Spirit that I am a true child of God. I think and hope I am; but I want to be more childlike, to put off the old man entirely, and to put on the new man wholly, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness.

I want to be useful in the service of Christ, and to see his kingdom on earth rising more and more in dignity and power, and extended through the wide world. I want to see a competent number of missionaries, home and foreign, employed as reapers in the great field, which is waving with a ripe and plentiful harvest. I want to see his “kingdom come and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven.”

I want Jesus to reign, habitually, in my heart, and the Holy Comforter to dwell there, as my guide in truth and duty ; and to have that unction in prayer which he gives, and to realize that he is ever present with me. I know he is, but I want the habitual realization of it. I want abiding proof that my sins are all pardoned and my soul purified from their pollution in Jesus' blood.

Now, is there any way open to meet these wants? Yes, indeed, there is. Jesus has opened a fountain inexhaustible. He has promised that all who suitably apply to him shall be supplied and satisfied. But a sense of want still oppresses me. My soul hungers and thirsts for his grace. I want to be clad in the robe of Christ's righteousness, with not a rag of self-righteousness about me.

I want to feel as did the converted heathen girl, when she had come to Jesus : "He has taken away all my badness and given me all his goodness." I want to live in full and habitual preparation for heaven, and to sit down eventually with all the redeemed at the great marriage supper of the Lamb ; and to join with heart and harp and voice in the new song with the multitudes of the redeemed before the eternal throne.

Does the reader sympathize with me in these wants, and believe that Jesus is able and willing to supply them? Can you say, yes, yes, I do? Then let us praise him together with our whole hearts. Oh, what a friend he is! There is none like him. None so good, so benevolent, so kind, so lovely and so loving, so able and willing to supply all our wants. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him, for his wants will be

all supplied. "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Here I rest, and sweet peace permeates my soul. Jesus is my all. He is mine, and I am his ; his *only*, his *wholly*, and would be his forever. Give me but a full testimony of this, and my wants are all supplied. When the heavenly rest is gained, these wants will be met by every good desired, and the satisfaction will be complete, and endure forever.



THE NEW YEAR.

The old year has passed away like a river lost in the great ocean of time ; and the new year has just begun the same course. A year ! What is it ? It is a period of time measured out by one revolution of the earth asound the sun.

Astronomers inform us that the sun is the center of our system, and that the planets, at different distances and at stated times, revolve around it. The planet on which we live is said to be about 95,000,000 miles from the sun ; and, although it flies in its orbit at the rate of 68,000 miles an hour, it makes its circuit around the sun but just once a year. Thereby the Creator measures out the years with great exactness.

The year is divided into twelve parts called months ; and to measure out the months, the Creator has appointed the moon to travel in its orbit around the earth. Moreover, the Creator has divided the months into weeks, by appointing every seventh day as a rest from secular toils ; and for spiritual worship. He has

divided the weeks into days, and commissioned the earth itself to measure out the days, by revolving on its own axis.

Thus the Great Creator of all things has sub-divided time, and measured it out with great precision ; appointing the heavenly bodies as our time-keepers, so that we may regard them as so many wheels in the great time-piece of wonderful mechanism, to measure out the months and years of our lives.

Although these orbs have been revolving with marvelous velocity for countless years, neither age nor friction has wasted a particle of their substance—no obstacle has obstructed nor misdirected their course ; nor accelerated nor retarded their velocity. The Almighty and immutable hand that created them, and gave them their first motion, keeps them in motion still.

By this great clock-like machinery of the heavens, the years of millions of our race have been already measured out to their end, and they have entered upon their endless state of being. By the order of the same Almighty Ruler, *our* probation is, in like manner, being measured out, and bearing us on to a strict and solemn reckoning. It is this that makes the season of our probation one of vast responsibility, “For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Let it be kept in mind, that every day adds a new chapter to the volume of life’s history. If the record of the past year, on a review, awakens a sense of guilt and shame, then, prostrate at the foot of the cross, we may look up to Jesus Christ for pardon ; and beseech Him to give us grace and strength to do better in the future.

The New Year begins a new chapter in life's history. The pages are now blank for a daily record. The wise will guard against blotting them with sins ; and strive to fill them with deeds of righteousness. This year will be measured out like the past, by the great time-piece of the heavens ; and it will swiftly glide away :

“The moments fly—a minute gone!
The minute flies—an hour is run!
The day is fled—the night is here!
Thus fly the weeks, the month, the year!”

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THE LIQUOR LAW OF MAINE.

[This was written after some months' experience of the benefits of the celebrated “Maine Law.”]

The Law! the Law! the Law!

The liquor law of Maine!
The drunkard-maker's hate,
The tippler's special gain.

The liquor-seller says,
The law is cruel bad;
It takes away his gains,
And makes him dreadful mad;

Forbids the use, at all,
Of e'er so small a part,
Excepting for the sick,
Or some mechanic art.

But more than this it does :
It searches all about
His store and premises;
And drags the liquor out.

The liquor then it takes,
And pours into the drain;
So now the poison flows
Where once it cast poor men.

The liquor-seller adds,
He thinks, that sure as rates,
This law is right against
The Compact of the States.

But reason right replies,
In words and logic bold :
The law most sure *sustains*
Our Constitution old.

Mere playthings former laws
'Gainst drunkenness have been,
Compared with this late Act,
Pass'd in the Halls of Maine.

The drunkard-maker's purse,
And conscience (all the same),
Are made to feel the screw
Of fines imposed on him.

It hits upon the head,
And clenches fast the nail ;
Makes dealers cease to sell,
Or sends them off to jail.

Old Billy Toper says,
This law, he thinks, a sin,
Because his liberty
Is lost, for quaffing gin.

Poor Bill ; he's almost gone
Down to the drunkard's grave ;
But still there's yet some hope,
It may such lost ones save.

This law works charmingly,
Gains favor every day
In Maine, and other States,
The Granite and the Bay.

Three cheers to Mayor Dow,
The *Leader* of the van,
Who put the law in force,
To bless his fellow-man.

Our grateful praise to Him
Who ruleth all things well,
For this successful war
Against King Alcohol.

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COMMUNION WITH GOD.

Communion with God is a delightful and holy intimacy with Him—a realization of his presence and his Spirit conversing with my spirit, and a sweet meditation on his mercy and loving kindness. In communion with Him he allows me to sit in the light of his countenance, and to walk with him as did Enoch and Noah; and to see the superlative excellence and beauty of his character. Moses had special communion with God above the mercy-seat between the cherubim, which were upon the ark; and every true believer in Jesus, is allowed the high privilege of like intimacy with him.

There is communion with Him in a humble confession of sin, and in pleading for forgiveness, for Jesus' sake. My faith extends a hand, and He takes hold of it with a loving smile; and greets me as a penitent forgiven, and then I feel that I am restored to His favor; and peace and joy permeate my soul. He assures me that I am pardoned, without money and without price; solely for his Christ's sake; without my deservings or

merit in my doings ; when I cast myself with a penitent heart at His feet. Then I rejoice in Him with my whole heart in view of his pardoning mercy. My soul is filled with wonder, peace, hope and joy, and I can say "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none upon the earth I desire besides Thee."

He allows me communion with him in trials and disappointments ; and when assailed by temptations. Then I apply to him to support or to deliver me, and he grants it. He gives me strength to bear what trials he does not see fit to remove. If it be a thorn in the flesh, He says, "my grace is sufficient for thee." Thus he makes me happy and joyful, even in tribulation and suffering. If assailed by the temptations of the adversary, He teaches me to say "get thee behind me, Satan," and this enemy departs. To guard against renewed assaults, He tells me to bear on my arm the shield of faith, which will repel his fiery darts and preserve me from harm. Then I am greatly comforted, that Jesus is with and cares for me, and makes me more than a conqueror.

He affords me communion with him in time of affliction and bereavement of kindred. Then I lean upon His arm and He buoys me up, when ready to sink in the deep and bitter waters of affliction ; and his soft hand wipes away my tears. He reminds me that he does not afflict willingly, but necessarily for my good ; and I know he is right, and I can say, "Thy will be done." Then in a soft whisper, He says peace and comfort to thee, troubled soul, and all is well.

When I come to the Sacramental table, it is to hold communion with Him, as the great Author and Master of the feast. There my faith looks up to Him who died on Calvary. Then my gratitude is excited toward Him in abundant measure ; and my soul is filled with the fulness of his love. I find that the *basis* of all this communion with him is *faith* and *love*, which he has planted within me by his grace, and that I have a oneness of Spirit with my God and Savior ; He dwelling in me and I in him.

But sometimes a dark cloud shuts down upon my horizon and I walk in twilight, and my communion is cut off. Then peace forsakes me, comforts are fled and hope almost expires. Then I find that it is my disobedience, or some besetting sin, that has done this mischief to my soul. I lament it—I *hate* it—I *renounce* it, and beseech him to take it away. Then he grants me a fresh pardon, fresh peace, fresh joy, and my communion with him is renewed. Then my hope, like a bow in the cloud over my head, is bright ; and a pledge of the promise, “Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.” He wishes me to make this promise my own ; and my faith takes hold of it ; and then I rejoice again, and feel a precious nearness to him, so that I can touch the hem of His garment, and am made whole. Nearness to him, and an abiding sense of his presence, makes communion with him sweet and refreshing to my soul, as the morning dew upon a tender plant.

Give me but this and my soul is satisfied, and my peace and joy are like a perennial spring. Such are some of the blessed fruits in this life, of communion

with my God and Savior ; and which give a sweet fore-taste of heaven, and some prelibations of the waters of eternal life. *There* union and communion will be perfected. There I shall see Jesus as he is, in all his excellency and glory—there be like him—be with him—and wear a robe of richest beauty, washed and made white in his blood ; and then join, with heart, and harp, and voice, in the new Song—"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the lamb forever and ever."



WHAT WE OWE TO CHRIST.

The memory of Christ is precious. He is our best friend, and it is better to forget all other friends than to forget him. He is more worthy than all others ; has manifested more love to us, and has done more for us, than all other friends have done or could do. It is better that we should cease to love all other friends, however dear, than cease to love him. His claim is above that of all others. One poor heart like mine is not large enough to love Him all he deserves, for what he has done for me. Yea, ten thousand hearts, all full of love supreme, would not pay the debt of love I owe to Him. One tongue is not enough to speak His praise for what he has done for me. Oh ! had I a thousand tongues, that could speak all at once, I could not praise Him enough.

The longest life on earth is too short to estimate his love, and to sum up all the gratitude I owe him. It will require all the hearts and tongues and voices of

the redeemed eternal ages ; together with angels, cherubim and seraphim, and all the holy beings in the universe, to express the praise deserved for his matchless worth. Hence, while I live, it shall be my earnest endeavor, to love, to praise, to obey, and to honor him supremely ; that when I die I may be with him, to behold him in all His glory ; and love, praise, enjoy, and reign with him forever.

—o—

TEMPERANCE HARROW.

“Joe, yoke the team,” said Farmer Snug,

“And chain them to the harrow ;

And yonder in the granite field,

Go scratch and make it mellow.”

Away drives Joe—“Gee up old star,

And you, old buck, good fellow”;

Among the rocks and stumps he drove,

To scratch and make it mellow.

But soon the rocks and stumps resist,

And overturn the harrow ;

Teeth sometimes up, and sometimes down,

Would never make it mellow.

So, Farmer Snug, to gain his point—

A shrewd, contriving fellow

Like neighbor Smith, said he, can make

Improvements on this harrow.

Then Smith forged teeth, which stood erect,

Straight up, upon the harrow ;

No matter then which side was down

To scratch the ground so fallow.

So, former temperance laws of Maine,
Were like Snug's single harrow;
Which clods and rocks and stumps upset,
And left the ground still fallow.

The present law has double teeth,
Just like Snug's double harrow;
And if applied through all the States,
Would do the work most thorough.

The thousand rockish, stump-like shops
And stores, for vending sorrow;
Forthwith would sure be overturned
By this great temperance harrow.

Then, seeds of temperance springing up,
Would grow quite rank to-morrow;
And neighbor Smith would surely have
Rich premiums for his harrow.

—o—

DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

With a deep interest I remember an interview I had with this venerable minister of Christ, at Prof. Stowe's in Andover, a few years since, at the time of the anniversary of the Theological Seminary. I was alone with him, and in conversation speaking of his long life of toils and trials in the work of the ministry, I asked him if he would like to begin "*de novo*," and live over his life again. His prompt reply was, "Yes; if God should give me the offer, I think I should accept it; for my experience has been worth a great deal to me." "But," said I, "Doctor, how would you like to live your life over again without your experience?" "Ah!" said the Doctor, "that wouldn't be me."

UBIQUITY OF CHRIST.

One of the very striking attributes of Christ, is his ubiquity. He claimed it, when he promised his disciples to be always with them; and when he said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." His true disciples now have evidence of this, from their own experience. Not that he is personally present, but spiritually with them, shedding abroad his love in their hearts, inspiring in them faith and hope, and giving them some foretaste of heavenly joys. Notwithstanding this attribute is above our comprehension, and marvelous, it is to them a reality. There are multitudes of closets, daily visited, to hold communion with him by prayer; and Jesus is present in every one of them, to pardon the penitent, to replenish the believing soul with peace, and to nourish it abundantly by his grace. He is there to read the heart—the thoughts, the motives and all the purposes of the inward man. If there is any evil there, he knows it; if good, he knows it. To deceive him in the least is impossible. There are thousands of family altars, scattered over the field where the light of the Gospel shines—some far remote from others—but they are all under his eye at the same moment; and he is present with special blessings for every family who thus honor him, and his ear is open to every word of prayer.

There are numerous missionaries in different and distant parts of the world, toiling to dissipate the darkness of heathenism; to introduce in its stead the light of the Gospel, and thus extend his kingdom.

He is with every one of them, to strengthen, encourage and comfort them in their labors and trials, and give them success. There is a little company of these servants in Greenland, another in Ceylon, Hindoostan, in Persia, Palestine, Turkey, China, Africa, and the islands of the sea. Yet, Jesus is with them all at the same moment, never leaving nor forsaking those who suitably trust in him.

Moreover, when his disciples meet at the sacramental table, though there may be thousands of them spread, at the same time, far distant from each other, yet Jesus is always present at each of them, to inspect the character of every guest, and to know who has, and who has not on, the wedding garment. All his true disciples are very dear to him, and he to them, and they are truly happy when they realize his gracious presence, and their union to him by faith and love. His presence fills the universe! Oh! what a Jesus he is! His ubiquity is marvelous, wonderful, and with it are united in him all the attributes of the God-head. Well may every believing soul rejoice in him, and join with the psalmist, saying: "Whom have we in heaven but thee, and there is none upon the earth we desire besides thee."



LIGHT.

A boy about four years old, while being questioned on his Sabbath school lesson in the first chapter of Genesis, was asked by his teacher, What was the first thing God created? Speaking with much confidence

and promptness, he replied : "Light, of course, so that he could see to create the other things"—a very striking reply for one so young.

Light is one of the wonderful objects of God's creating, and is diffused over all space, where it is not excluded by impassable obstructions. Philosophers tell us that light is invisible, because it is transparent ; and yet it is necessary to make objects visible to our sight, and to develop the harmony and beauty of the Creator's works. It extends immense distances from the sun and other heavenly bodies, in pencils or rays, always in straight lines, and moves at the velocity of 192,000 miles a second.

The properties of light are very striking. It cannot be measured, for it fills illimitable space ; nor can it be weighed, not moving the scale when suddenly falling upon it. We cannot taste, hear or smell it ; yet it is indispensable to the well-being of everything that has eyes and life. Were the light of the sun extinguished, all vegetable and animal life would quickly expire. It is remarkable for its purity ; and while the air is often polluted by noxious gases, arising from putrefactions, disease and stagnant pools, light is never contaminated by shining upon disease and pollution. Light is very remarkable for its pleasantness. While the atmosphere is often rough and disastrous in its movements, causing the sea to dash furiously upon the rocks and shore, and burying the mariner and his ship in the deep, or sweeping a tornado over the land, leaving ruin behind in its course,—light is always pleasant in its effects wherever it shines. In the midst of darkness and tempest, the distressed mariner hails with joy the

sight of the lighthouse upon the shore, the light of the sun, or even a star to guide him to a secure haven.

The usefulness of light cannot be easily estimated. Without it, eyes would be useless; also, books and all reading matter, excepting what is prepared for the use of the blind; and all the beauties of nature and art would afford no pleasure or instruction to mankind. Like water, its abundance is so great that no class of fellow-beings can monopolize it, nor hinder its general diffusiveness among the rich and the poor. It is also very cheap, and always ready by day to illuminate every dwelling or church, which does not exclude it by stained glass, and substitute twilight or gaslight in its place. It is just as free to the poor as to the rich, and of inestimable value to all. Light is, moreover, very remarkable for its composition of seven different colors, as represented in the rainbow. When these are blended together, the composition is white, and nothing is whiter than light.

In its action it is marvelous. Composed, as philosophers say, of exceedingly small particles, it penetrates the hardest transparent substances, such as glass and the diamond, and so delicately does it penetrate the pupil of the eye, as to give pleasure rather than pain. Hence the wise man said: "Light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Its effect upon plants, flowers and all vegetable life is marvelous, giving them their color and painting them with hues of every shade, and crowning all nature with beauty and loveliness. "Light is only the shadow of God," said Plato.

THANKSGIVING.

Old Father Thanksgiving
Has come to our door;
And knocked for admittance,
As oft-times before.
We bid him a welcome,
Right glad that we can,
For all think Thanksgiving
A clever OLD MAN.

The children all love him,
Wherever he goes;
And wish he'd come oft'ner
By half, than he does.
The youth always greet him,
With hearty good cheer;
And glad would receive him
Five times in a year.

Choice sweet-meats of pleasure,
And lots of good things,
Most young people think,
This kind old man brings.
Good Father Thanksgiving,
Do tell us your age,
The place of your birth,
And your parentage.

It was dear New England,
The best spot on earth;
The land of the Pilgrims,
That gave me my birth.
The years of my living
In this land have been
One hundred eighty-one,
And three-score and ten.

The town was old Plymouth,
In the old Bay State,
My ancestors, Pilgrims,
Whom tyrants all hate.
'Twas fell Persecution,
With his cruel rod,
Who forbid them their choice,
In worshiping God ;
And drove them for freedom
To this distant place,
Where God has much blessed them,
With riches and grace.
Because so much prospered
On free soil living,
They appointed a day
For public Thanksgiving.
But seeds of oppression
Were sown in our soil ;
And bondmen for life-time,
Were doomed to hard toil ;
Till the cry reached to heaven,
From millions oppressed ;
While their chains were not loos'd
And their wrongs not redress'd.
Then Rebel secession
Engendered the strife,
That cost a vast treasure,
Of money and life ;
A marvel to nations,
A nation we are ;
Our glory was tarnished
By internal war.
Though bitter the conflict,
The contest did cease ;
The Rebels all beaten,
Were glad to have peace.

The Stars and the Stripes
Are again unfurled
Over every State,
In view of the world.

The prospect has brighten'd
On every hand ;
And peans of peace
Now resound through the land.
Let us then praise the Lord,
In joyful thanksgiving,
And henceforth our lives
Be spent in THANKS-LIVING.

The first Thanksgiving held in New England was on board the May Flower, in Cape Cod harbor, Nov. 11, 1620, the day after the arrival of the Pilgrims. On that day they devoutly returned thanks to Almighty God, for their deliverance from the perils of the sea, and for their safe arrival.

The custom of appointing a day for *annual* Thanksgiving, originated eight years later, in 1628.



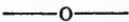
A FABLE.

A foolish fly, seeing a shining surface in a window, and wishing to test its sweetness, pitched down upon it, heedless of all danger. But no sooner had he touched the surface, and attempted to walk, than he found himself stuck fast ; and the more he struggled to get away, the faster was he held. Mercy ! oh, mercy ! cried the poor fly ; what a fool I was to pitch into this trouble. Oh, help ! help ! brother fly, for I am in great tribulation. Come quickly, dear brother ! Down pitched a sympathizing friend to his aid. But he, too, was at once fast fixed in the same trouble. Then both flies cried for help ; and down came others to offer relief, until a large company were alike caught ; so that no one could help his brother fly, nor even extricate himself out of trouble, and all perished together, victims of their own folly.

APPLICATION. These foolish flies represent many equally foolish and reckless men, who pitch into the vice of intemperance. By a process rather gradual, they begin by tasting cider, wine or beer; and then other intoxicating liquors; and ere long form an appetite, which becomes master of reason and resolution; and deeper and deeper they sink into sottishness, until they perish like the fly and his companions.

Thousands of poor inebrates, in our country, are now so reckless, besotted and stultified, that they have less than a fly's resolution to call for help, or to accept it when offered; and, consequently perish, the victims of their own terrible appetite and folly. All these wretched saloons of temptation, aiding this work of destruction, are as dangerous to those who patronize them, as fly-paper is to the victims it destroys.

“Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, turn from it, and pass away.”



FAMILIARITY WITH THE SCRIPTURES IMPORTANT TO THE PREACHER.

[Andover Anniversary.]

The preacher of the Gospel is a soldier of the Cross, and the Word of God is his armor. But, if he is unskilled in its use, it will be as unprofitable to him as was the armor of Saul to David. The preacher may possess many other important qualifications, and yet, if he is not familiar with the truths of the Bible, he lacks an indispensable qualification for the sacred office. By familiarity with the Scriptures, I mean, an intimate and correct *exegetical*, and an *experimental* acquaintance

with all the doctrines and precepts of the Word of God. Such a familiarity tends to make an *argumentative* preacher—not a metaphysical, but a biblical reasoner, who is “mighty, through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of error.”

When Luther, by intense application, had made himself familiar with a Latin Bible, which he providentially met with in the monastery; he rushed forth in the strength of the Lord, and assailed the heresies of the Romish church with arguments which were irresistible, and which shook, to its very center, the papal throne. He gave “the Beast” an incurable wound. But, with any other weapon than the sword of the Spirit, he never could have given the mail-clad monster such a deadly thrust.

It was Calvin’s familiarity with the Scriptures, which enabled him to pour the light of truth into the minds of the ignorant; and to expose the folly and bigotry of the papal church.

Again: This familiarity with the Scriptures tends to make an *evangelical* preacher. The sum of all evangelical preaching is, a full and practical exhibition of all the doctrines of God’s Word. Take St. Paul as an example. His pre-eminent usefulness as a preacher was owing, in a great measure, to his ripe learning; and particularly to his thorough knowledge of the sacred Scriptures. This enabled him to present divine truth in a clear, forcible and pungent manner. We never find him, like many preachers of later times, wandering into the fields of useless speculation, nor publishing the theories of men for the truth of God.

President Edwards and Baxter, among others, were

striking examples of evangelical and biblical preachers ; and it was their familiarity with the Scriptures that made them such. Their simple and searching exhibition of the doctrines of the Gospel, made them like arrows to the hearts of hearers. Scriptural language seems to have flowed into the subjects which they presented, with a spontaneous familiarity and aptness, so that the word dispensed by them, was “in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.”

Again : This familiarity with the Scriptures tends to make an *instructive* preacher. The Great Shepherd and Head of the church requires that his flock be fed ; otherwise they will not increase in stature and strength. The Gospel is the great store-house from which the preacher is to nourish the church. Whoever, therefore, attempts to instruct this body, should be “a scribe well instructed” in the truths of the Gospel ; else Christ’s flock will faint and famish and become spiritually lean under his charge.

Again : This familiarity in question, tends to make a *plain* preacher ; that is, one who does not leave his hearers in doubt, when he has closed his discourse, as to the particular doctrines he intended to preach. But who can, like the apostle, use “great plainness of speech,” and speak to the purpose, without being master of his subject, or without being familiar with what he should preach ? As well might the mariner, without a knowledge of his chart and compass, think to guide himself and others in the proper course through the unknown ocean. If he does not keep close to the Bible ; if he is not familiar with it, and allows himself to indulge in blind speculations ; he will be a blind

preacher, and will envelop the minds of his hearers in appalling darkness about eternal things.

This familiarity in question, tends also to make a *direct* preacher. Such a preacher aims at the heart and conscience of the hearer. The Bible he takes as a map of the human heart, from which he learns its true character. It exposes all its deceitfulness and desperate wickedness, as God sees it. It exposes and lays open its most hidden recesses; familiarity with it, therefore, will prepare a preacher to probe deeply the hearts of his hearers. A direct preacher does not draw a bow, without intending to hit the mark. Does he want an arrow that will reach the sinner's heart? He takes it from the quiver of God's Word; and when it is accompanied by the agency of the Holy Spirit, it is effectual in wounding the sinner with deep conviction of sin. Does he want oil to mollify and heal the wound? The Gospel points to Christ's blood, as the best, the *only* remedy. If the preacher, then, would have power over the minds of his hearers, like the apostle, he must be mighty in the Scriptures. This will render his preaching direct, searching, powerful and effectual, under God, to the salvation of men.

This familiarity with the Scriptures tends, moreover, to make a *successful* preacher. Though Paul may plant and Apollos water, the increase is all of God. Nevertheless, the abundance and richness of the harvest, depends, to some extent, on sewing and watering well. Good seed is sometimes lost, being scattered by unskillful hands. If the sewer is ignorant of the nature of his seed, and heedless from what measure he takes it, and whether it is good seed or bad, he will be as likely

to sow tares as wheat ; and, if tares, the harvest will be tares, which are only fit to be burned. A full crop of pure grain cannot be expected, unless good seed is sown, and *well* sown. Human theories and speculations are the seed which yield tares. The good seed is the Word of God, embracing the evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, from which the faithful sower may expect a harvest of joyful sheaves.

Such are some of the happy effects of familiarity with the Scriptures, on the part of the preacher. To search the divine record with great diligence and with prayer, carefully comparing scripture with scripture, and imbibing large measures of its spirit, is very important to the preacher. If he would be a persuasive, evangelical, instructive, plain, direct and successful preacher, let him put on the panoply of the Gospel. With what other armor can he, with any hope of success, contend against the wiles of the devil and of wicked men? Suppose he should assail them with sophistry and denunciations? This would ill become the holy cause, and be imitating the example of the papal church. The cause of Christ requires nothing but fair and honest dealings with men's hearts and consciences. So dealt the apostles in preaching the word. In their hands, the doctrines of the Gospel were often like arrows to the sinner's heart. Let, then, the professed ministers of Christ, have more of the apostolic familiarity with the Bible, and they would have more of the apostolic unction and power in their preaching ; and more souls, through their instrumentality, would receive crowns of rejoicing in the great day of the Lord.

DULL AND HARD TIMES.

Dullest times I've ever seen—
What does all this dullness mean?

Tell me, Joe,
If you know,
Why 'tis so.

The reason why the sales are dull,
Is because the market's full.

Public wants are well supplied,
Goods too much are multiplied.

Well, says Joe,
'Tis just so,
As I know.

More I'll tell you, if I must:
Those who sell *don't like to trust*.

Want of money is the cause,
That our business made this pause.

No, says Joe;
'Tis not so,
This I know.

Sure, of money there's no lack—
Only hoarders keep it back.

Would you then have inflation
Of Greenback circulation?

Joe says, no,
No, no, no,
No, not so.

Wise men say, and say it bold,
Just make Greenbacks par with Gold.

Then would business soon revive,
Giving all a chance to live.

Good, says Joe,
Be it so;
Quickly go,

And to Congress earnert pray,
This change make without delay.

THE PASTORAL RELATION.

Come in, sir, said the pastor to a parishioner, as he presented himself at the door—very happy to see you.

Thank you, dear sir, replied the parishioner, for your welcome, for I desire to obtain your views on an important subject, which presses heavily on my mind.

It will give me pleasure, rejoined the pastor, if it is in my power. What is the subject?

Well, sir, our son John has for some time been teasing his mother and me, to let him go to college and study for the ministry; but we are in doubt as to what is best in this matter. I have heard the remark often made that there is a surplus of ministers already, and besides, they are so often shifting about from place to place, that they are literally, “pilgrims and strangers in the earth,” many of them, at least, having no continuing city; nor abiding place.

Now if John should become a preacher and be spared to labor in the work 40 years, he might be obliged to pluck up his tent, as many times in that period as did Israel in the wilderness. Is it duty, sir, to be at the expense and trouble of educating our son for the ministry with such prospects before him, and in view of other circumstances with which you are familiar?

There is no danger, replied the pastor, I apprehend, at present, of training up too many talented and pious young men for the ministry; and your John, I think, is a young man of promise. More laborers are needed in the missionary field, both at home and abroad. The American Board are calling for men to go to the

heathen. Now if John has a missionary heart within him, he will find enough to do at home or abroad.

One thing that has troubled my wife and me, in relation to our son, is the fluctuating state of the pastoral relation. You know, sir, that in multiplied instances, ministers have become like drift stuff on a river, here stopping, and there stopping, a short time; and then away they go again; so that it would be difficult to find the whereabouts of many ministers, did they not drop a notice in some periodical, stating that the Rev. Mr. ——, having removed to such a place, wishes all communications intended for him, to be directed accordingly.

Admitting this, sir, said the pastor, I do not deem these things sufficient to discourage your sending your son to college, with his eye upon the work of the ministry. Trust the Great Head of the Church in all these minor matters, and let John proceed with his studies. Time, I think will correct some of the evils, which now trouble both pastors and churches, connected with the very frequent dissolution of the pastoral relation.

What *evil*, sir, said the parishioner, is this to the churches?

The pastor, in reply, stated, it tends to create division and to kindle up the fire of strife, some holding on to the pastor, and others trying to drive him away—some, to avenge their supposed wrongs, neglect public worship—some will stand a little one side and take no active part, except to find fault with what others do. Such strife as is often stirred up by the removal of a good pastor, opens a door for proselyting sectarians to come in and entice away the disaffected and unstable.

Instances are not a few, where the removal of a minister has kept a church and parish in an uproar of contention for months ; and, after all, the new pastor was not a whit better than his predecessor—the people themselves, after trial, being the judges. Churches and parishes have often found their strength diminished, rather than increased, by allowing a very few restless spirits who are never long satisfied with anything, to rule away their pastor. The new pastor for awhile labors under the disadvantage of being a stranger to the people. A familiar acquaintance with the habits, temperaments, religious views and feelings of a people, enables a pastor to adapt his labors to them with better prospects of success than the stranger.

Somewhat, said the parishioner, as it is with a laborer on a farm, or in any other business ; after he has become familiar with things around him, other things being equal, he is a much more efficient laborer than a stranger.

Just so, replied the pastor ; and it takes from two to five years for a pastor to get well acquainted with his people, and his people with him. Besides, sir, if a pastor expects to remain but a short time in a place, he cannot project plans of extensive usefulness, without the almost certain prospect of leaving them unfinished. This is likely to discourage the entering upon them with that interest which he would feel, with the prospect of carrying them out. Suppose he wishes to give a series of discourses on the doctrines of the Gospel, and to present one doctrinal sermon every Sabbath. This would be a good plan for any minister, but it would take some years to carry it out.

There is reason to apprehend that many churches are not so well instructed and established in the doctrines of the Gospel as they ought to be, and as they generally were, when the pastoral relation was regarded almost as permanent as the pastor's life. If churches are not well instructed and established in the doctrines of the Cross, they will be proportionably weak and inefficient in the cause of Christ. The custom of often changing pastors tends to run down a church and parish, just as the frequent changing of tenants is calculated to run down a farm.

If a pastor expects soon to leave his charge, he is under a strong temptation to neglect or postpone church *discipline*, and leave the work to his successor; and perhaps the successor, too, may do the same. By this course, that discipline which is important to the purity and prosperity of the churches, is liable to be lamentably neglected. This is a great evil.

Another evil of these frequent removals is, the people are often left for some time without ministerial labor, which is important to their prosperity. They must wait till they can obtain a candidate; and, if the first does not suit—and it is not very likely he will—they must try again, and perhaps again and again. A certain church that sent away a good pastor, was subsequently visited by more than forty different candidates, and it seemed impossible for any minister on earth to satisfy them. One preferred Paul, another Apollos, another Cephas, another Barnabas, and some had little regard for any of them. The multiplication of candidates made their case worse and worse, until at length, it is not likely that an angel from heaven

would have been generally acceptable, could they have obtained one as a candidate for settlement.

In another parish, fifty candidates were hired, forty-nine of whom, for various reasons, did not suit the people. The fiftieth candidate was settled, and made a good pastor, as, no doubt, many of the others would, had they been settled. This multiplication of candidates must keep a parish in a constant agitation, unfavorable to their prosperity, and is a legitimate consequence of that fickleness of mind which leads to the frequent removal of good pastors.

How was it, inquired the parishioner, with the primitive churches; did they not often change pastors? How was it with the seven churches of Asia, named in the Apocalypse, and with the apostles of our Lord?

The apostles, said the pastor, were necessarily itinerant preachers, because their business was to gather and establish churches, where none before existed. But it appears that, as soon as these churches were well established, they had permanent pastors. The angels or pastors to whom John wrote, appear to have had a permanent settlement. Even when things that remained seemed "ready to die," they were not directed to remove, but to "be watchful and strengthen them"; and the people, of course, were required to co-operate with them. Polycarp is said to have been pastor of the church in Smyrna over eighty years. Timothy was pastor of the church in Ephesus forty years. Neal, in his History of the Puritans, refers to many eminent ministers, who remained 40, 50 and 60 years in the same parishes. It is implied in these examples, which must be regarded as good authority, that

the pastoral relation, in the primitive churches, and among the Puritans, was intended to be permanent, as a means of promoting the best interests of the church.

You have stated some of the *evils to churches*, resulting from a frequent change of pastors; will you now, said the parishioner, point out *the evils of it to the pastor himself?* This will meet the point of my inquiry, and perhaps help settle the question of educating John for the ministry.

The good pastor then proceeded as follows: In the first place, this floating about of ministers is unfavorable to their intellectual improvement. It tends to foster habits of negligence in study, and tempts the preacher to repeat his old sermons, instead of cultivating his mind in the preparation of fresh productions.

I should think, said the parishioner, that would be like a merchant's living upon his capital, instead of his profits. He must be growing poor, and must ere long come to ragged poverty.

Very like that, replied the pastor; and we sometimes meet such intellectual poverty in those whose minds might have been made a store-house of wisdom, by patient application to study. Few, if any, would maintain good habits of study in the ministry, while often changing their place of residence and labor.

Again: Frequent removals are not usually favorable to the pastor's pecuniary interest. It sometimes leads to a heavy sacrifice in the disposal of real estate, if the pastor has any on his hands. Removal in itself is expensive, and in other particulars a roving life tends to poverty. Perhaps I need not refer to this, for I hope you do not wish your son John to enter the ministry

for the sake of getting money merely. That would disgrace the sacred office.

Certainly not, said the parishioner. I should be willing to have him poor as the apostles, when they went out without purse or scrip, if he could be useful in the cause of Christ. I think it appears well in a minister to show that it is the *flock*, and not the fleece, which he is most anxious to save. It is best to keep salaries moderate, to prevent a rush of ungodly men into the ministry, for money-making—as many rush to fill the vacancy in some political office.

There seems to be no danger, said the pastor, on the “voluntary principle,” that salaries will be very flattering to a minister’s pecuniary interests. In many cases it is very hard collecting the small salaries that are pledged. The good minister of —, when his people proposed voting him an increase of salary, came forward and begged them not to do it, because it was a great trouble to collect what was already voted him; and he did not wish to have the trouble increased.

But, sir, said the pastor, we are diverging a little from the point in question, viz., the *evils to ministers* of frequently sundering the pastoral tie. It is obvious that it tends to beget a spirit of discontent and instability in the pastor; so that, instead of seeking the best good of his people, he is seeking another people.

That, rejoined the parishioner, is just as I supposed. For I have known a pastor acquire the habit of instability by changing places, and pretend to take a journey for his health, when his real object was to seek a new field of labor.

There is another thing: *Stated supplies*, so called,

have become common since the pastoral relation has become so fluctuating. Now, if John should be a minister, he might be one of this sort. What, said the parishioner, do you think of the substitution of stated supplies for pastors?

Some preachers are calculated to be more useful for short, stated supplies, than as pastors. Having little inclination to study, and limited resources and preparation for the ministry, they wear out if confined to one field of labor.

Some have objected to stated supplies, because, as they say, this system tends to establish a transient and floating ministry. This cannot be correct, because some pastors seem to keep their places scarcely better than stated supplies. A floating ministry has not grown out of the stated supply system, but has sprung from other causes. Some have preferred the latter, because the former was so very mutable.

I should much prefer that sort of a pastoral relation for John, said the parishioner.

In this, said the pastor, I think you are right. This relation is a sacred one, and rests on the best authority, and ought not to be trifled with. But many churches now seem to regard it, and to treat it, as having no more binding authority than the stated supply system. Formerly it was regarded almost as sacred and binding as the marriage covenant, and was instituted for life, or during good behavior on the part of the pastor; and it was no very easy matter to separate a respectable pastor from his people. But unions and separations of this sort have become about as common and as easily effected as marriage and divorce in heathen countries.

It is greatly to be lamented, both on the part of the pastors and churches. This pastoral relation should be adopted, as the general rule, while stated supplies and itinerancy may be necessary exceptions. Numerous and serious indeed are the evils, both to pastors and to churches, of frequently sundering the pastoral tie.

The *causes* of these evils is a matter of serious inquiry. Why is it that the pastoral relation has become so unstable? inquired the parishioner. Some of these causes, said the pastor, are very obvious. One is, the hasty call and settlement of pastors. This often leads to a hasty removal. The charge of Paul to Timothy (1 Tim. v: 22), "Lay hands suddenly on no man," is not heeded as it used to be, in the settlement of pastors. So long ago as it was fashionable to wear small clothes, knee-buckles, shoe-buckles and a cocked hat, it was customary for a young candidate for the pastoral office, to preach on trial three or four months at least, and sometimes a year or more, so that the people might see and hear him, in his every-day dress, as well as in his best suit. But such a candidateness would not be submitted to, in these days of steam-power and hurry. A candidate, about to be called to an important field of labor, said he would not preach anywhere, as a candidate, more than three or four Sabbaths, call or no call, settle or no settle. He was settled hastily, as he wished. But the people, after a few months' experience with him, became exceedingly dissatisfied, and dismissed him as soon as possible. His hasty settlement proved an evil, both to them and to him. It does not appear well, especially in a young man, who has no established reputation, to press a hasty settlement, nor

is it wise in a people to call such a one, till they have opportunity to know him well.

Another cause of the frequent removal of pastors is a neglect of study. Where this is the case, intelligent people will soon begin to complain that the preaching is not instructive—that the pastor does not bring out of the Scriptures things new and old. Now, it is impossible for any man to be an instructive preacher, for any considerable time in one place, without studious habits. A new text may be selected for every sermon, but as it takes something besides a new collar to make a new coat, so it takes something more than a new text to make a new sermon. Most preachers who neglect study, though they may select a new text, usually fall into the same old track, and travel round and round, like a horse in a mill, or the cars on the railroad ; and the constant hearer knows about as well where such a preacher will come out in the end, as he knows the depot where he has stopped a hundred times. With limited preparation for the ministry, and little study, the pastoral relation will be fluctuating.

Never, said the parishioner, shall I give my consent to have my son go into the ministry, without a thorough education ; and then, even, I believe he will need a constant application to study, if he would succeed as a pastor.

I think, said the pastor, your views on this point are correct ; and now I will direct your attention to another cause of the evil in question, viz., the *fastidiousness of hearers*. This often breaks up the pastoral relation. Some men have what the apostle calls “itching ears” (2 Tim. iv :3), or resemble the Athenians, in wanting

"to hear some new thing" (Acts xvii: 21), instead of the Gospel of Christ. The drapery and costume of a discourse is more noticed by them, than the important principles and doctrines it contains. Besides, if they would sometimes wish to hear doctrines of the Gospel discussed—to please them, the sharp corners must be rounded off, so as to prevent all friction with their opinions and consciences. There are not a few such hearers, who must be accommodated, or they will be trying to get rid of their pastor. Then there are some who are very fastidious in respect to the preacher's *manner*. This is much more noticed by them than the *matter*. Such a sermon was well written, but the speaker's elocution was so bad that it spoiled it all for me. Such a monotony, such a want of energy, vivacity, earnestness and unction, is enough to spoil good sermons for those who are very dull and sluggish themselves. The more ignorant and stupid hearers are, the more noise and energy it requires to beat the truth into their minds. Many people think a great deal of what they call good manners and good elocution in the pulpit, and some good ministers have been dismissed from the pastoral office, mainly because they were not popular speakers.

A letter was addressed by a church committee of a certain parish, to the President of a Theological Seminary, requesting him to send them a candidate, with the emphatic proviso, "*Be sure and send us a good speaker!*" as if that were an indispensable quality for them in the candidate. That elocution has been too much neglected in a preparation for the ministry, and also while engaged in the work, is too obvious to be

doubted. It has been taken for granted that, if knowledge is once lodged in the head, it will find its way out well enough when called for. Most preachers, by suitable attention to this subject, might be far more effective speakers than they now are. Put these two things together, viz., the dullness of hearers and the bad elocution of preachers (and one is about a fair offset for the other), and they have much influence in breaking up the pastoral relation. The depravity of the heart, it might be added, always comes in to second these and all other evils connected with this great work.

Another point bearing upon this subject is, pastoral visiting. Neglect of this is often a ground of complaint; and people are apt to think, if they had a pastor who would visit enough, they would certainly be built up as a church and society.

I have thought, said the parishioner, that a great deal might be done by family visiting.

Yes, replied the pastor, it is important. But if a pastor visits so much as to neglect his studies, his intelligent hearers will be dissatisfied. If he becomes all legs, by running about, depend upon it, he will have very little or no head. The demand for pastoral visiting is often unreasonable; and, on the other hand, it is often unreasonably neglected. Parishioners are apt to think it a very easy business, for a pastor to visit from house to house; but they are mistaken. Those who have made the trial know it to be a laborious and fatiguing exercise. A lady, who was disposed to complain of her pastor for not visiting more, spent a day going from house to house, to obtain collections for a benevolent society; and when the day's work was done,

such was her fatigue, that she said she would never again blame her pastor for not visiting more.

I apprehend, said the pastor, that people are sometimes not very sincere when they invite a minister to call; and not much more so, when they complain of him for not calling on them. Invitations are often a mere matter of form or compliment. This, some parishioners have themselves asserted. Besides, they seldom visit him in the house of God, and this is proof enough that they are indifferent about seeing him anywhere else.

It happened, on a certain occasion, that Dr. B—, of ——, called upon a family for a pastoral visit, where they did not at that time want to see him. As they saw the doctor coming to the door, one of the family rudely said, "I wish the devil had Dr. B—; I don't want to see him now." A parrot, that was a great pet in the family, and skilled in mocking conversation, screamed out, as Dr. B. entered, "I wish the devil had Dr. B." The good doctor at once supposed it had been said by some member of the family before he entered; and the parties were all mortified, except the honest parrot. The doctor was as glad to retire as were the family to see his departure.

The pastor may be assured that his visits are not always so much desired, as some parishioners would have him believe. They would not want to see him often, if it cost as much to entertain him as it costs him in traveling fees and time to make the visit. A physician, being asked why it would not be a good plan for the town to pay him a regular salary, and so make him responsible for attending upon all the sick,

when they should call him, replied that he should have no rest, day or night, and that he could never go enough to satisfy the patients. Just so is it with ministers. As their visits cost nothing, some people would keep them going all the time. But if the minister were to be paid for each visit, even half a physician's fee, they would very seldom wish to see him—perhaps never, inasmuch as they care less for their souls than for their bodies. More than one half the invitations to visit may be set down by the pastor, generally, as a matter of mere courtesy ; and the other half he should comply with at his discretion, or as his other duties will allow him. With this, a people ought to be satisfied. If they keep him out of his study more than is meet to visit, his sermons will be proportionately feeble productions.

But does not visiting draw people out to meeting, and build up society ? said the parishioner.

Perhaps it does have that effect, in many cases, said the pastor ; but, my good sir, a good sermon has more attractive power, with sensible people, than much visiting. The failure of good sermons has contributed more to the removal of pastors than too little visiting.

What think you, said the parishioner, of the want of support among ministers ? I want my son to have a comfortable living. Can he expect to get it in this work ?

This want of support is one of the causes of frequent removals. The first year or two after a pastor's settlement, he is paid, perhaps, very well, and then people grow slack, and may be, charge him with want of economy. Sometimes there is ground for both these

charges, and fault on both sides. Ministers, with few exceptions, are really poor, and obliged to be economical, whether they would or not; and sometimes have had their salaries cut down, until they were unable to appear decent abroad. This was the fact in the case of a certain well educated preacher. His salary did not furnish him with decent apparel, and he could not get out of the place where he was located, on account of his poverty; and, to keep body and soul together, he took a piece of ground to plant with potatoes, on shares. Real poverty in a minister, or among a people, awakens sympathy, but it is not always deep enough to extend to the pocket, and bring out relief.

Sometimes there is such instability in the pastor, that he is not contented to remain in any place a long time, if desired. The bump of inhabitiveness a phrenologist would probably find deficient in such persons. There is, on the other hand, a want of stability in some people, and this is one of the causes of frequent removals of pastors. Some people are fond of change, even when change brings no improvement. They love change for change's sake. When a pastor is removed, there is usually a variety of causes which contribute more or less to such a result. Sometimes, too, it is effected by changes in population. Strangers moving into a place, often make strange work and mischief. Plain and faithful Gospel preaching is sometimes among the causes of the evil in question, and even one individual has not unfrequently set a parish against a pastor, so as to oblige him to ask a dismission. Thus it is, that one man, or a few, sometimes rule all the rest of the parish.

Not unfrequently a case of church discipline is the cause of breaking up the pastoral relation. As it is always unpleasant, the pastor may be glad to take a dismission, and leave the burden to his successor; or, if he engage in it, enough may take up arms against him to drive him away.

Among many others which might be named, I will refer, said the pastor, to only one more of the causes of the evil in question, and that is the inefficiency or want of fidelity in *ecclesiastical councils*. For example: Cases have occurred, where councils were called, *not* to advise in reference to a dismission, but just to say *amen* to the arrangement between the pastor and people. The dismission is asked and granted, by vote, and the whole matter adjusted, and then a council invited, not to advise, but just to say *so be it*. Thus a council is made the mere tool of one party or parties, and is not left with so much as advisory power. A church that might be named, affirmed to a council in session, that they were not called to give advise, but only to sanction their church doings. This was surely not very complimentary to the venerable body. But many a council have fared in much the same way.

The member of a council was once asked why a certain pastor was dismissed. He replied that they could not help it, as the business was all done before the council assembled, and all it could do was to say *amen*, and retire. This was a case where advise was much needed, and where, had it been followed, the pastor might have continued a long time. No good reason existed to the contrary. But the council lacked that decision which was necessary to do their duty, and the

pastor or the people, or both, the courtesy to afford them the opportunity. True, an ecclesiastical council has no other than advisory power, and should have no other, except by consent of the parties ; but this should always be respected, or councils are mere tools, of little use.

Perhaps, said the pastor, we have dwelt longer on the *evils* and *causes* of a frequent change in the pastoral relation, than was expedient.

It was my wish, replied the parishioner, to understand the whole subject ; and now, sir, can you point out the *remedy* for these evils ?

I can say, in a word, that the remedy for any evil consists in removing the *causes* which produce it. Let the causes named be removed, and the evils are all cured. Let there be proper deliberation in the settlement of pastors. Let pastors, as they wish to hold the respect of their people, apply themselves to study, that there may be variety and instruction in their discourses ; and let them give due attention to the principles of elocution, and pray God to kindle up within them a burning zeal for the salvation of sinners. Let slothfulness be put away, and the excessive reading of newspapers and periodicals, find a substitute in the study of standard works in theology, and the pastor give himself wholly to his appropriate work ; and his people will not complain that his discourses run in the same old track, but be edified and profited.

On the other hand, let hearers put away fastidiousness, and strive to regard the *truth* as of the first importance, and the costume in which it is presented, and the manner of the speaker, as minor things. People

should no more think of dismissing a pastor for an imperfect delivery of his message, if it be the Gospel, than they should put away a Bible, as unworthy of their use, because the edges were not gilded and the binding embossed. As the truths of the Gospel are just as good in a plain binding as in the most expensive, so, plainly preached, they are just as good as if gilded with rhetoric and fine elocution. The Great Head of the church has thought best to furnish but very few preachers with high ornamental gifts, and, of course, did not intend to gratify the fastidiousness of unreasonable hearers. Such ambassadors as He sends them, ought to be gratefully received and retained, and never sent away to gratify itching ears.

It is obvious that some reform, on the part of both pastor and people, is necessary to render the pastoral relation suitably permanent. In respect to family visiting, many pastors need to be more attentive, and people to be generally more indulgent. In regard to expenditures, some pastors could well afford to be more economical, and most parishes to be more liberal and prompt in their support. Some ministers suffer more from neglectful parishioners in this matter, than their modesty allows them to express.

Pastors should guard against instability and love of change, while people, too, should cultivate the principle of steadfastness, and never dismiss their pastor without weighty reasons. Let church discipline be attended to, in all cases, with unhesitating promptness, and no pastor try to shun it by dismission, and no people turn him away for his fidelity. Let ecclesiastical councils maintain their rights, and not submit to

be used as mere tools, just adding “amen” to the doings which need investigation and advise. Let a permanent pastoral relation be the rule, and the stated supply the occasional exception, where the necessities of the case demand it. In these, and in other particulars that might be mentioned, let there be a suitable reform on the part of pastors and people, and the *causes* and the *evils* of a very frequent dissolution of the pastoral tie, would be removed, and this relation become so permanent as to prove a great blessing to the churches and their teachers.

After listening to all these considerations from the pastor, the enlightened parishioner expressed his thanks, as he retired, remarking that, if the causes and evils referred to were removed, and the pastoral relation rendered stable, as it was half a century ago, he should have no objection to sending his son John to college and training him for the ministry.

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CHRISTIAN LOVE.

I THESS. iv : 9.—*For ye yourselves are taught of God to love one another.*

The apostle hereby reminded the church in Thessalonica, of a lesson taught them by the highest authority. He probably discovered a good reason for calling their attention to it. In the verse comprising the text, he said, as touching brotherly love: “Ye need not that I write unto you; for ye yourselves are taught of God,” by his word and his spirit; so that the lesson was already

before them. In the context, he commended them for the attention given to this lesson : "Indeed, ye do it toward all the brethren who are in all Macedonia ; but we beseech you, brethren, that ye increase more and more"—meaning that he discovered love among them, but not enough of it. As they needed an increase, he put them upon a review of this lesson which God had taught them. This lesson was designed for all successive periods of the church. It is now important as ever, and binding on all Christians now as ever ; and enjoined by the same authority as ever. Still, there is reason to fear that it is not so much studied, nor so thoroughly learned by all professed Christians now, as its importance demands.

By some, Christian love is deemed a hard lesson to learn, and still harder to practice. But the difficulty is not in the lesson—if it seems hard—but in the learner. In itself, it is a very plain one, and all that makes it seem hard to any, is an evil heart, a stubborn will, and the want of a docile mind in the pupil. To illustrate and impress our minds with this lesson, it is proposed to *consider some of the characteristics of true Christian affection.*

We will then ask the apostle Paul to give us one characteristic. He says, "Let love be without dissimulation," *i. e.*, sincere, honest, unfeigned, not counterfeit. But it often has its counterfeits, like money, because it is valuable, and is often passed, like bogus money, for genuine ; and aids the wicked in carrying out their evil designs in injuring others. But if one pretends to love a neighbor or a brother, merely to get a personal favor—to get a vote for office, or a good bargain in

trade—he has no Christian affection for him at all, but only a selfish affection. Often is there a pretext of love, where sincere affection is entirely wanting. But that which is enjoined in our text, is pure, honest, sincere, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

Let us ask the apostle Peter to give us a characteristic of this Christian virtue. He says, “See that ye love one another with pure hearts fervently”—or with a high degree of affection—very ardently—as did the early Christians, of whom enemies said, “see how they love, and are ready to lay down their lives for each other.” The enemies of the Cross have been astonished at the exhibitions of this love among the persecuted disciples of Christ. They suffered great indignities, and even laid down their lives for his sake. It still has great power in the church, where, in a good measure, it prevails.

Let us inquire of the apostle John, for a characteristic of this element in the church of Christ. He says, “Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but indeed and in truth;” *i. e.*, love should be manifested, not in words merely, but in good deeds, or practically. If a fellow-being be needy, help him, if in your power; if hungry, feed him; if naked, clothe him; if sick or in trouble, visit him; if exposed to the peltings of the storm, shelter him; if robbed and bleeding by the roadside, after the example of the good Samaritan, provide entertainment for him, and pay the bill; thus giving a practical exhibition of true Christian love.

The most marvelous manifestation of love ever made, was by our Savior, in the great work of redemption, when he veiled his divinity in humanity, and suffered

and died on the cross, to save sinners. Such a practical manifestation of love was never before seen nor heard of in any other case. The world knows no other like it—so great, so glorious, so divine! Dr. Watts has beautifully expressed it :

“ Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,—
To write the love of Christ to man,
Would drain the ocean dry ;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Tho’ stretched from earth to sky.”

Now, professed Christians are bound to carry out this principle, by loving one another practically. In this, “ he hath given us an example, that we should follow his steps.”

We will now ask the apostle Paul to give us a characteristic of the *durability* of this love. He says, “Let brotherly love continue;” *i. e.*, or be constant and unfailing—not cease at all. It should be like the perennial fountain, always flowing; like the fixed star, always shining. But if a brother has fallen into some flagrant sin and disgraced himself and dishonored the church, may we not cease to love him? By no means, because it would unfit us for suitable efforts to reclaim him. Though a personal enemy, Christ requires us to love him still. But his wicked conduct is not to be loved nor approved, while he should be dealt with in love. Christ’s love was constant and abiding. “ In loving his own, he loved them unto the end.” His love to them lays the foundation of their love to him, and to

each other. It is a common mathematical axiom, that “two things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.” It is equally true that any two individuals who love the Lord Jesus Christ (knowing each other) will also love one another. Wherever this Christian virtue exists, in good measure, in a church, it melts the body into one mass, makes them all of one accord, and a light of great value to the world. It prepares them to work together, like the two hands on the same body. The two hands are always friendly, and ready to help each other. If one suffers, the other suffers; they never quarrel nor attempt to injure one another. So, Christian brethren ought ever to labor and pray with one heart and with one spirit, and that spirit be the spirit of Christ Jesus.

One other characteristic of true Christian affection, should be noticed, viz. : It is *universal*, or not restricted to name nor sect, but extends to all men—high or low, rich or poor, learned or illiterate, of whatever condition or complexion, of whatever country or climate, of whatever nation or tribe; if born of the Spirit and truly love the Lord Jesus Christ, we are bound to love them as his disciples and as brethren. Why? Because they are children of the same family, and heirs of the same inheritance. His atoning blood that “cleanseth from all sin,” his kingdom on earth, and his holy and eternal kingdom in heaven, are common to them all. They are all one in him, as He is one with the Father. Hence he says, “I in them and thou (Father) in me, that they may be one even as we are one”—a most blessed union among all the true disciples of Christ.

Yet true Christian love is not restricted to the narrow

compass of the church ; but, like the love of Christ, it extends to all men ; that is, his love of benevolence ; while his love of complacency is exercised only toward true Christians. The love of complacency is like the bay that embraces all the little islands that lie on its bosom ; while the love of benevolence is like the ocean, embracing not only the little islands, but throwing its broad arms around whole continents, and thus by its extensive sweep takes in the whole world. This is in keeping with the teaching of the apostle, where he says, "Honor all men ; love the brotherhood. Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." Because such are related by a spiritual and everlasting friendship, and by a common union to Christ. Christian love is of heavenly origin, and in all its properties is superlatively excellent.

The considerations presented afford a good test of Christian character. Those who are destitute of *sincere, fervent, practical, constant* and *universal Christian affection*, give no satisfactory evidence of being the true disciples of Christ. He has given this plain test rule, namely, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples : if ye have love one to one another." Another rule : "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death"—or is dead in trespasses and sin. Have we learned this rule ? Do we practice it ?

This subject suggests the remark, that it is the duty of the Christian, not only to love the brethren, but to render himself *lovable*. Some professed Christians imbibe the notion that their neighbors and brethren do

not esteem and love them as they ought, and perhaps blame their friends for not practicing upon them the lesson taught in the text. If such should inquire for the cause, they would probably find something in their disposition or deportment that makes them disagreeable, so that they are not lovable. Perhaps they are censorious and severe in their remarks about others; uncharitable, troublesome, and by unchristian behavior bring scandal on the church. Yet, they may possibly be true Christians, as backsliders. Good fruit often grows on crooked, knotty and grafted limbs, while the same tree bears natural and unpleasant fruit.

There is another class, who make themselves unlovely by their officious and overbearing deportment in the church and society. They would like to rule the whole body, pastor and all; and if they are not able to do it, stir up the dust of strife, and thereby smother that affection for themselves which brethren would readily bestow upon them, if they would walk humbly before God. Such persons should remember that it is no more the duty of neighbors and brethren to love them, than it is their duty to make themselves lovable, or worthy of that affection which they desire.

While some are too officious, there are others of an opposite character, and render themselves unlovely by their indifference to the welfare of the church and society; and who stand as almost fruitless trees in the vineyard of the Lord. If active in Christian duty, imbibing the spirit of Christ, they would make themselves useful, and lovely and beloved. In short, those who would be loved as Christians and neighbors, must so behave as to make themselves lovable, and then they

will not fail in securing a good measure of Christian affection.

This subject furnishes a *scale* by which the piety of professed Christians may be measured. It is always proportioned to the amount of Christian love among them. In seasons of revival and the special visitations of the Holy Spirit, the Christian's heart glows with fraternal affection. The more vital piety, the more love and prevailing prayer, and the greater the blessing. Little love in the church, little true godliness. By this scale, the piety of an individual, or of a church, may be measured with as much accuracy as the merchant measures his stock in trade, or the thermometer measures the heat and the cold.

Our subject suggests the remark, that unity in love produces unity of action in the church of Christ. Joined together by this tie, they will move like a united team; and then the load of trials and troubles, though onerous, will move up the hill. But when one pulls one way, and another a different way, and another will not pull at all, there can be no prosperity. Philosophers tell us that all matter is held together by cohesive attraction; and, if this property is destroyed, matter at once falls to pieces. In like manner, let the cohesive principle of love be destroyed in the church of Christ, and it would be in ruins. It is this that has saved the church, under God, from having been long ago destroyed by enemies. It is this that gives her strength and arms her with power, and infuses energy into her efforts. Love is the soul of the church. This gone, all would be gone, and the church of Christ would die. But this living in them, Christians will be active in

duty, the church prosper, and the Sovereign Head be glorified thereby. Its influence in the church is most happy. It is like oil to machinery, abating friction by its lubricating power, and making all the parts run easy. It tends to make business meetings pleasant and efficient; to make church discipline easy and useful, or to prevent its necessity altogether. It tends to make prayer-meetings delightful and profitable, and all intercourse of Christians and neighbors most happy.

It is not easy to calculate the amount of benefits and blessings that flow from the sweet fountain of true Christian love. Were it exercised as the Gospel requires, it would make the world a paradise, and a prototype of heaven. How important, then, that our souls should be replenished and permeated with this love. It is the bond which holds the church of Christ together, as the hoops bind the cask. Remove the hoops and the cask falls to pieces; but, well hooped, it will bear much rough usage and still hold together. So the church, bound together by the bond of fraternal affection, can bear rude treatment from enemies, and remain secure. There is a mighty power in this for the safety of the church, which bids defiance, under Christ, to all her enemies, giving assurance that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The nails and pins in the building are little things, and chiefly out of sight; yet how necessary to the strength of the building. Remove a portion of them, and you weaken it; remove them all, and you demolish it. Should all brotherly love be taken out of the church, its ruin would be certain. But, like the edifice well fastened with pins and nails, the church well fas-

tened by fraternal love, is strong, and whatever storm or enemies may assail her, she will stand secure.

How, then, may this bond in the church of Christ be strengthened? The answer is, by imitating the imitable examples of Christ—imbibing the spirit of meekness and benevolence, and living a holy life. Also, by studying the lesson taught in our text. We may think we understand it, when it needs more to be studied. It should be reviewed again and again, till perfectly mastered; and we can avoid all mistakes in its application. Deeds of sympathy and kindness tend to strengthen this bond among Christians, also praying for each other. If a brother, by some offence, has cut this tie between him and me, I should pray for him in secret, and be sure I do it with a right spirit. Then we should meet and pray and confer together, and we shall be melted together at the feet of Christ, and love again as ever, if true Christians. But, if I won't, or he won't do this, and love as brethren, then I have reason to suspect myself or himself, or both of us, mere hypocrites.

The bearings of this subjects on the church of Christ are weighty, and should be made a test of character. Have we thoroughly learned and faithfully practiced this lesson which God has taught us, as he did the church in Thessalonica? Fraternal love ought to burn continually on the altar of our hearts, with a holy flame. Does it? Our duty, happiness and title to heaven demand it. There, the love of redeemed saints will be perfected. Washed in the same atoning blood, sanctified by the same spirit, and saved by the same grace, will make them all one lovely and loving family. Love is the golden chain that binds them to Christ and

to each other, in an everlasting bond. God grant that we may be of that holy and happy company ; that we may eventually plunge into that sea of love and bliss ; and bathe our souls in its limpid flood forever and ever.

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THE CHRISTIAN HOPE.

PSALM cxix: 116.—*Let me not be ashamed of my hope.*

All men have hope, and are always hoping. The objects of hope are many. Things of every-day life are objects of hope, and every person has, continually, some object of hope before him. Those in the morning of life, hope to live to middle life, and then to old age ; and old age, usually, hopes to live a little longer. The poor man hopes to become rich, and the rich to be richer still ; the sick hope to regain health ; the ambitious aspirant hopes to secure some post of honor or office, which, perhaps, many others are also hoping to gain. Every person hopes to have his own purposes and plans accomplished, in regard to worldly interests. Though often subjected to disappointment, men will not cease hoping while life lasts. So bent are they on hoping, that they often hope against hope, or grasp the mere shadow of hope, when the substance is beyond their reach.

All men have hope, however wicked or ungodly they may be, that it will be well with them after death..

The skeptic or infidel hopes that the Christian faith is fabulous; that the Bible is only the word of man, and not the word of God; that the soul and the body perish in the grave together, or that death is an eternal sleep; and, as he likes to live like the brute, caring nothing about God, so, like the brute, he hopes to die. The Jew, rejecting Jesus of Nazareth as the Savior of the world, hopes the Mesiah is yet to come. The Mohamedan hopes that his alms, prayers and pilgrimages will bring him, at death, to a paradise of sensual pleasures. The Hindoo hopes to be cleansed from sin in the waters of the Ganges. A Brahmin said to a missionary, if the water of the Ganges would not purify him from sin, he did not know what could do it, till the missionary directed him to "the blood of Christ, which cleanseth from all sin."

The preacher hopes, when he proclaims the message of the Gospel, that the people will believe, obey and secure salvation. But how often is he disappointed and pained to see so many neglect the great salvation. Every sect hopes that their favorite creed will prove true, and that there is no other so near right as their own; and, as Aaron's rod swallowed up all the serpents of the magicians, so they hope their system of faith will gain a triumph over all others, and become the religion of the whole world.

Some flatter themselves that it matters not what one believes about God and eternal things—whether he be Jew or Hindoo, atheist or infidel, deist or pantheist, pagan or Mohamedan, Pharisee or Christian—if he is only sincere and lives up to his faith; he hopes it will

be just as well, and that God will never mind the difference, either in belief or practice. But imbibing this notion is offering insult to God, by supposing that he makes no distinction between truth and error, or holiness and sin. If this idea is correct, then the Bible is of no use as a rule of faith, and we might as well have the Koran of Mahomet, the Shaster of the Hindoos, or the Talmuds of the Jewish Rabbins. If this notion is true, it is no matter what we preach, or how we practice—whether we worship the true God or idols, or no God at all. Away, then, with such falsehood and absurdity. But notice, that those who pretend that it is no matter what the belief is, if it is sincere, are generally found to be enemies to the gospel of Christ, and discard it, as unworthy of their regard.

The hope of salvation with many rests on the ground of their *morality*—like the certain ruler, who said to Christ, he had kept all the commandments from his youth up. Jesus said, “yet thou lackest one thing: sell all thou hast and give unto the poor, and come, follow me.” At this, he was greatly disappointed and sorrowful. He hoped to obtain heaven at a cheaper rate, or for his morality. But this was not enough to save him. Some now flatter and cheat themselves in the same way. Morality is an important part of true piety, but it is not the whole of it—good as far as it goes, but not sufficient to save the soul. “Not by works of righteousness (says the apostle) which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.” The Pharisees hoped that their self-righteous-

ness, alms, titles and prayers would save them ; but Christ condemned them as hypocrites. Though the name Pharisee is not now applied to any class, there are numerous specimens of character after their pattern —as full of self-righteousness, just such white-washed sepulchres, with a pretext of purity, yet full of pollution. Let no one think that a mere moral life, or self-righteousness, is a safe ground upon which to build a hope of eternal life. There is reason to be ashamed of such a hope.

There are some who rest their hope of salvation, in a measure, on *past experience*. In time of excitement or revival, they were interested, and felt some sort of a change ; and though the fruits of a Christian life have not followed it, they hang a hope on that frail, rusty hook of experience, and flatter themselves it is valuable, and would not give it up for the whole world. Yet better throw it away forthwith, as worthless. There are many such old hopes, which are like dead trees in the forest, without fruit or sap or foliage, fit only for fuel. There are many changes that are not the regeneration of the heart, and which make heart and life no better. In seasons of revival there are usually some who are excited—talk, weep, exhort and pray, and make much ado about religion—who, in a little time after the excitement is past, dry up like the brook that runs between the hills in time of a shower. Let it be remembered that all such old hopes, which are not backed up by a godly life, are all good for nothing—worse than nothing—even dangerous to the soul. Like an old, leaky vessel, that will perish in the first storm

to which it is exposed, so all such hopes will perish in the day of trial, and fill the hoper with shame.

Still another rests a hope of salvation, very much, on his *church membership*. This is not safe, for one may be in the church, and yet out of Christ. Judas was in the church, but *he* never had any piety; for Christ said, he had a devil from the beginning. Hymeneus and Philetus were in the church, but were destitute of true godliness. Demas was a professor, and labored with Paul awhile; but his love of the world led him to forsake Paul and abandon his profession, for worldly gain.

Now, Christ has made it the duty of every Christian to join the visible church; and the duty of all men to become true Christians; but, merely joining the church, no more makes one a Christian, than tacking a scion to a limb with a nail, makes it a fruitful part of the tree. It must be grafted in, and receive nourishment from the tree, or wither and die. So the soul must be grafted into Christ, by faith and love, and yield the fruits of obedience, or *profession* is useless, or worse than useless; for, “a false hope, fortified by a false profession, is the most effectual battery against the artillery of the gospel.” Indeed, it is an almost hopeless case, to assail with arrows of gospel truth, those who stand behind the shield of a long-cherished false hope. Of such false professors, Christ says: “Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?” “But have we not eaten and drunken in thy presence, and hast thou not taught in our streets?” Yes, you have been at the communion table, and have heard my

gospel, but "I know you not as my disciples." I never knew you, except as hypocrites. A hope built on mere profession, rests on the sand, which the storms of temptation and trial will surely sweep away.

There is yet another self-flatterer, who hopes to be saved, because he hopes none will be left to perish. If God punishes at all for sin, he hopes it will be all in this world. But the Scriptures as much warrant the belief that the righteous will receive all their rewards in this life, as that the wicked will here receive all their retribution. Well, the objector says, if there is to be any future punishment, I hope it will be only temporary and disciplinary. But the Scriptures afford as much evidence that the happiness of the righteous in heaven will be temporary or limited, as that the misery of the lost will be of limited duration. As the objector feels much difficulty in standing in this corner, he runs to another, and says: God is too good and merciful to punish forever, and man cannot deserve it. Why, then, does he say that "the wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment?" Is this a false alarm, only to frighten the disobedient? If all the threatenings of God's word are so many delusive terrors, which he never intends to execute, what are his promises? Are *these* all vain flatteries, mere false encouragements? Why not false, if his threats are so? If we believe not the threatenings of God's word, how can we believe his promises? If we refuse to take his word in the one case, to be consistent, we must reject it in the other. Troubled here, the objector says: God is merciful, and "not willing that any should perish, but that all should

come to repentance." True, but he requires obedience to the conditions of his mercy ; and what if the conditions are rejected? Will he bestow pardon and salvation on the sinner, without his repenting ? and without his believing and obeying ? Surely not, because these are the specified conditions, on which he offers salvation. But the objector still asks : Won't the *will* of God be done, in that he is not willing that any should perish in their sins ; and who can effectually resist his will? We know that men *do* resist his will, from the fact that they disobey his commands. The fact that he has provided and offered salvation to sinners, through the mediation and suffering of Christ, is proof that he is not willing they should perish. But, by many, this salvation is voluntarily rejected, as offered in the gospel. Now, a hope of salvation, built on such perversion of God's word, or opposition to the gospel plan of salvation, will prove frail as the spider's web in the day of trial.

Not a few rest their hope of salvation on the ground of *future repentance*. This is common, under the light of the gospel. The plea is, they are not ready, and they hope God will excuse them for not attending to their soul's salvation, till they find a convenient season. But God's command is *now*. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." But the sinner says, not now, but at some future time; or when laid on a sick and dying bed. The command is *now*. But the excuse is, worldly cares are now pressing heavily, and I hope will soon be lighter, and then I will take up this matter in earnest. But your

sins will be greater, your heart harder, the day of reckoning nearer; and your soul may be lost, beyond all hope, before you get ready earnestly to seek salvation. There is great reason to be afraid of such delay. Another plea is: I hope God will, by-and-by, send his Holy Spirit, and make me a Christian. I think I am ready, and desire this blessing. *You* ready! and the Holy Spirit not ready! *You* waiting for Him, when he is always ready, and has long been waiting for you? Oh! how strange such self-flattery and self-justification. Perhaps you have taken some credit to yourself for your patience in waiting for the Holy Spirit, and thus casting the blame of your delay on Him. This is unreasonable and impious. You *are* not, you *would* not be, you hardly *could* be, so unreasonable in anything else, as you are in the matter of your soul's salvation. God cannot be any more willing and ready to give his Holy Spirit, than he *now* is—even “more ready than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children.” But this blessed agent has been resisted and grieved away. Many have taken a lesson from Felix, who said, “go thy way for this time, and when I have a convenient season I will call for thee.” This procrastination was probably his ruin; and thousands have been ruined in the same way; and the danger is as great as ever. A hope of salvation, resting on the expectation of a better time, or a greater readiness of the Holy Spirit, is utterly vain. Let this, then, and all the other hopes that have thus far been named, be abandoned for one which is good and saving. There is one which is unlike all these, and which will

never disappoint its possessor—one of which there is no occasion to be ashamed. It is a hope that does not rest on mere morality, nor on past experience, nor on church membership, nor on the belief that God will never execute his threatenings, nor on the purpose of future repentance, nor on waiting for the Holy Spirit. On none, nor on all of these together; but this good hope rests on the Rock Christ Jesus. It is the hope of salvation obtained by *true* repentance and faith in Him; and the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. This hope is worth having—of inestimable value. The apostle calls it the anchor of the soul, meaning it is that which makes the soul safe, amid the trials and temptations on life's stormy sea. It was Paul's anchor—the anchor of all the apostles and martyrs; and is now the anchor of every true Christian. Faith may represent the cable, by which the soul is connected to the anchor, and when this is strong, hope is vigorous. It "is sure and steadfast," or will never fail, nor disappoint the soul; but hold on through all the storms of life. "It enters that within the veil," or the most holy place in heaven; and is there fixed to the eternal throne of the glorified Redeemer. While the hopes of the ungodly all perish, this hope fails never. Hence the apostle calls it "a good hope," a "blessed hope," and "a lively hope." Thrice blessed are all who have it. "He that hath this hope purifieth himself." Have you this hope? Every person has some hope, is hoping continually, and full of hope as can be. Which of all the hopes described is yours? But one is like the anchor. Is *this* yours? Its value

surpasses that of all others, and is of infinite price. There is great peace and comfort in it, and a foretaste of eternal glory. It is the precious solace of the Christian life, and the cordial of every bitter cup of affliction. It gives courage to the Christian, to fight the good fight of faith ; it nerves his arm, and inspires the whole man to “ press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Oh, the exceeding preciousness of this hope ! Who can estimate its worth ?

“ Were the whole sea one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This hope is worth them all.”

And the poet might have justly added, infinitely more. Yet, it is the property of every true Christian, making him rich, making him happy and joyful in Christ Jesus. It is his anchor, and an assurance of his heirship to imperishable riches in heaven. He lives on this hope ; watches, prays, sings, labors and rejoices continually in this hope ; and does nothing for Christ without it. If destitute of this hope, you *must* have it, or the darkness of despair will shut down upon your horizon at the night of death, and exclude you from the glories of an eternal day. No matter now about your neighbor. Have *you* this hope ? If not, secure it while you may. It has been compared to a “ beautiful bird, that comes midst storm and darkness, and sings sweetest when the soul is the saddest.” Oh, yes, some bereaved and afflicted soul responds, by experience, I

know it. When the soul is crushed under life's trials, and longs for rest, this plaintive songster sings its sweetest strains. Who, then, will refuse to say, Let this Christian hope be mine, and let Christ be mine, and me be his ; let his *will* be mine, his service mine, his people mine ; and let Him have all the glory, the glory evermore.

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THE GOLDEN RULE.

MATT. vii : 12.—*Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.*

This text comprises a summary of all the duties which man owes to his fellow-man. Aptly has it been called our Saviour's Golden Rule, on account of its great value. It is comprehensive, and expresses more valuable instruction than has been comprised in many a large volume. No mere man was ever the author of so much golden truth as our Saviour has expressed in this single verse of his word. "All things whatsoever ye would,"—meaning such things as are reasonable and right, or "all that you would expect or desire of others, in similar circumstances, do to them." Now, it seems as if any one might make a discourse from this text ; it is so plain and so rich in its suggestions ; and, practically, every one should do it, and preach it continually by a faithful Christian life.

Were the Golden Rule strictly carried out, it would be an antidote to all the moral evils of society. It

would remove envy, avarice, selfishness, deceit, and all peculation and fraud in business. It would put an end to war, litigation, intemperance, lying, slander, theft, robbery, murder, and every crime of man against his fellow-man. It would render useless all the locks, bolts and bars of our shops, store-houses, dwellings, our prisons, and the gallows; and save a vast amount of labor and expense. In short, it would prove a catholicon to every moral evil. Carried out as a law, it would serve a like purpose in society, as the governor in the mill, that regulates the speed, keeping the wheels in uniform velocity. The two iron arms, with an iron ball at the end of each, turning right and left, and left to right, operate very easily, yet have a mighty power in regulating the speed. Without it, the irregular speed would do great mischief to the work.

Now, if this principle, taught in the text, were united by appropriate gearing to every man's heart, as the governor is to the steam-engine, all business affairs among men would go pleasantly and admirably. The practical lessons enjoined by this rule are many. It teaches me that if I do not wish my neighbor to injure me, I should be careful not to injure him. As I do not wish to be deceived and defrauded in a bargain, by my neighbor, I should not do so to him. I ought to be as unwilling to cheat as to be cheated; to do wrong as to receive wrong. As I do not wish to have others contract debts to me, or borrow money, without a reasonable prospect of being able to pay, then I must never do so to them. If I do not wish to be crushed under foot by a creditor, when, by some unavoidable

misfortune, I cannot pay, I should never do so to others. As I do not wish to be cheated out of an honest debt, on the pretext of failure and insolvency, then I should never smuggle away property and pretend to have none, to defraud my creditors, and enrich myself on such ill-gotten gains. I might as well steal as do it, only the civil law would punish me in the one case, and would not reach me in the other. As I do not wish to be slandered by my neighbor, then I must not slander him. His good name is dear to him as mine is to me, and I ought not to injure nor destroy it, any more than I would have him destroy mine. As I can not bear backbiting, when it wounds myself, so I should not bite others, behind their backs, by bitter words, to injure their characters. As I abhor covetousness from the depths of my soul, when I see it in others, I should abhor it no less in myself. If I do not wish my neighbor to keep a borrowed article an unreasonable length of time, and trouble me to ask for it, or to go after it, and then be offended because I take it away, so I should never subject him to such a trial. As I do not wish others to be jealous of me, or to think they do not enjoy my respect and affection, so I should avoid all jealous feelings, and endeavor to be worthy of that respect and affection which I desire. In short, those who would have others love them, must make themselves lovable, by manifesting a kind, Christian disposition. As I wish my neighbor to aid me in distress, so I am bound by this rule to aid him—as the kind Samaritan relieved the man robbed and half dead by the wayside. As I dislike to have advantage taken

of my ignorance or necessity, to grind me in a bargain, or oppress me in my wages, so I should avoid such treatment of others, remembering that my neighbor has as good a right to live as myself, and as good a right to be happy as myself, and that I have no more right to interfere with his happiness than he has with mine. As I do not wish to be under a taskmaster, and toil for bare subsistence, and be exposed in the market for sale, like a brute, so I should never thus treat a fellow being. Citizenship, freedom and family ties are as dear to him as to me, and I have no more right to bind a yoke on his neck than he has on mine. The rule forbids it. Happy for the world, if it were everywhere carried out among men. What a change would be effected in society! How many prisons, almshouses, and tippling-shops would be vacated, and all the moral evils that afflict society be removed. It is not easy to trace out the limit of this antidote, if applied wherever it is needed in society. It would be found useful every day, everywhere, and by every person; and it should be faithfully applied, as expressed in the beautiful lines of Dr. Watts:

“Do good with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind,
And love your neighbor as yourself—
Be faithful, just and kind.
Deal with another as you’d have
Another deal with you;
What you’re unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.”

The illustrations presented, we think, afford abundant reasons for calling the text a Golden Rule. It is

exceedingly valuable, and yet practically scarce among men. It is a most admirable rule, shining like a meridian sun in deeds of righteousness, wherever it is applied. Everybody likes it, when exercised towards himself, even those whose selfishness hinders them from its practice toward others. Now, if everybody would do business by this rule, it would effect a most happy change in society. Between this and the rules adopted by many in practical life, there is a striking contrast—particularly those rules that may well be called iron, rough, heavy, unjust, cruel, and sinful in the sight of God. That such rules are practiced, all business people well know; but it is by those whose hearts are as hard as the burr stone that grinds the wheat, and full of all selfishness and ungodliness.

By some, this rule of our Savior is regarded as a hard rule to practice. But the trouble does not exist in the rule itself, but in the evil disposition of man's heart. Cure the moral heart disease in man, the palpitation of vile selfishness, and there would be no further difficulty in the practice of this rule. All under the light of the gospel, can see the great value of this rule, whether they practice it or not. If professed Christians do not mind this rule, it will eat out their piety, as the moth eats woolen, or as the rust eats iron. This may account for the scanty measure of it among some professed Christians.

So valuable and important is this Golden Rule, in its practical bearings on every-day life, that it might properly be engraved on a golden plate, and worn by every business man, as railroad conductors and coach-

men wear their badges on their hats. It would not seem to be out of place to print it in large capitals, and hang it in every store and counting-room, so that all merchants and customers might read it in connection with every business transaction ; or, to put it up in public houses, post-offices, and conspicuous places in the streets, as show-bills are posted ; or, to mark it in large capitals on our country's banner with the stars and stripes ; or, on the canvas of every vessel that floats upon the sea, that it might be read by all nations throughout the wide world. It would also be very appropriate to put it up in our National Capitol, in large golden letters, that all the members of Congress, and our government officials, might be familiar with this Golden Rule. Better still, would it be, to have it graven indelibly upon the tablet of memory, and their kept, ready for practice in all our intercourse with men. But, best of all, would it be to have it graven on the heart, where, once fixed, it will remain as a principle action while life lasts.

Were this rule daily kept in mind, and faithfully practiced, it would prove to society an invaluable blessing. It ought to be joined, like the balance-wheel in machinery, by the belt of love, so as to become a part of the moral man. Is it thus joined to us? Its great value and divine authority we cannot deny. Do we, then, practice it? Is the heart right? For if this is right, all will be right. Has the heart been renovated by the Holy Spirit—the old man crucified—the rubbish of sin and iniquity taken out of the way, and this regulating wheel put in its place? Let the screws of self-

examination be put on with their full force, and if any one feels himself severely pressed, it is high time to correct the evil that gives the pain.

There is abundant occasion to be thankful for this Golden Rule, and to practice it, in all our duties towards our fellow-men. Thank God, there are some men whom you can trust with gold uncounted, and who would not do you injustice at any price. Such are the salt of the earth and the light of the world. But this class of persons are the precious few, compared with the great mass of humanity.

A remark here, by way of caution, may be needful. Let it be remembered that all the morality enjoined by the Golden Rule is good, so far as it goes. It is an important part of true religion, but it is not the whole of it. It is not sufficient, alone, to carry the soul to heaven. If it was, then the strictly moral man would have no need of Christ as a Savior. To the highest point of moral rectitude must be added, the true renovation of the heart by the Holy Spirit, and a transfer of the affections from earthly to heavenly things. Pure morality is the fruit of true godliness, and will be produced by the soul that is grafted into Christ by faith and love, and renewed by the Spirit. Whoever may flatter himself with the vain hope that he can build a tower with his good deeds, that will conduct him to heaven, is sure of disappointment. It will prove a failure, as did Babel, in which the post-diluvians designed to save themselves from a second deluge. Jesus is the sinner's refuge, and by faith and love he may be safe in Him, as in a strong tower—safe, come

what will, the sunshine of prosperity, or the storms of adversity, joy or sorrow, life or death ; the soul of the true believer in Jesus is entirely secure. He is an unfailing friend, and “will give unto him eternal life ; and he shall never perish, neither shall any be able to pluck such out of His hand.”

In all our duties to our fellow-men, this Golden Rule of our Savior should be our guide. In all our duties to Him, as our God and Savior, his holy gospel, in every particular, should be made our rule of life, and then we shall have nothing to fear while living, dying or dead.

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SALVATION BY GRACE.

EPH. ii : 8.—*By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.*

A candidate for license to preach the gospel, in the course of his examination, was asked, “What is grace?” “Grace—that’s what I call something for nothing.” This is a striking and an apt comment on the text. As usually understood, grace signifies unmerited favor and mercy manifested toward lost sinners, by the provision and offers of pardon and salvation through Jesus Christ.

The text, then, directly presents the doctrines of salvation by grace, which is a fundamental doctrine of the Christian system. In it are involved and brought to view several particulars, which serve to illustrate

and confirm it. In the first place, it brings to view man's *lost condition* as a sinner against God. The idea of salvation, in itself, implies that of being lost. If man was not in a lost state, he would have no need of salvation. But that this is his condition, is a truth clearly taught in the Scriptures. Christ "came to save that which was lost." Our whole race are represented as lost in sin. "They are all gone out of the way; there is none righteous; no, not one." That perfect, holy, moral image, planted in him when he was created, is gone, entirely gone; so that "every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." "For there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not." Not to dwell on this point—the Scriptures plainly teach man's lost state as a sinner, and the idea of salvation directly implies it.

Again: This doctrine brings to view man's *dangerous condition*. Salvation includes the idea not only of being lost, but being in danger. The Scriptures are explicit on this point. All the warnings and threatenings against the wicked, bespeak their danger. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." "The wicked shall be turned into hell"—"be cast into outer darkness"—"shall eat of the fruit of their own doings"—"shall be punished with everlasting destruction"—these fearful threatenings against the wicked emphatically give assurance of their dangerous condition, and that they are so lost as to greatly need salvation. But many sinners are slow to take alarm, and flatter themselves that they are in no danger. If their property was in jeopardy, as are their souls, they would not rest with-

out making every possible effort to secure it. They fear sickness, and strive to shun it; they fear poverty, and make vigorous efforts to avoid it; they fear death, and try to keep far off the king of terrors; yet, in the mean time, seem to have little fear of sin, which is incomparably more dangerous than all these evils combined. Though they may stand behind the shield of unbelief, danger awaits them.

Again: This doctrine brings to view *man's justly condemned condition*. As a sinner against God, he deserves all the woes threatened against him in his Word. As sinners, we all *need* salvation, but we cannot deserve it. If we did, we could claim it as our right, and then it would be no longer of grace. All the amiable qualities of the best unconverted sinners, are not sufficient to save them, even if added to all their good deeds; still the violated law of God justly condemns them. To save a soul in sin, unpardoned, unwashed in the atoning blood of Christ, would be unjust to the sinner himself, and setting aside God's holy law as unreasonable in its demands. It would be trampling upon the Cross of Christ, and rejecting the gospel plan of salvation as valueless and vain. The justice of man's condemnation by the law of God, and his dangerous condition is clear as demonstration.

Again: The doctrine in question brings to view *man's dependent condition*. Such is his dependence, that he cannot save himself. He may *desire* to do it, and *try* to do it, but it is all in vain. So utterly lost is he, and so deeply sunk in the "horrible pit and miry clay of sin," that he has not the power to raise

himself out of it. If he could, he would have no need of grace. Self-righteousness, in which some trust, is all worse than nothing, sinking the soul deeper in the pit of sin. Let the sinner try to save himself, to deliver his soul from sin, and fill it with love to God, and the more he tries, the more he will feel the need of Christ's almighty arm to rescue him, and his blood to cleanse him from sin. If left to himself, man must perish—the whole race must perish. But the sinner does not like this dependence for salvation. He would prefer to have his own way, and rely upon his own powers. The gospel plan is not agreeable to the unrenewed heart. If man could save himself, there would be no need of a Savior, and no need of an atonement by his sufferings and death. Has it been made in vain? But cannot the sinner deliver himself from sin by repentance? Surely not. Repentance is a necessary means, but not the ground of salvation. If repentance, which is mainly the sinner's act, could save him, it would be a self-salvation, and this would be in direct opposition to the plan by grace, and then he could take all the credit to himself, instead of giving to Christ the glory. Such is the condition of every lost sinner, that he is entirely dependent on Christ for salvation, in the use of the means specified in the gospel. "There is none other name given under heaven among men, whereby they must be saved."

Again: The doctrine in question furthermore brings to view the fact that God is under no obligation to save sinners, unless they comply with the terms specified in the gospel. He has given no promise to save sinners

on any other conditions. Is it said that an obligation rests on the ground of the sinner's dependence? How can this beget obligation? If it could create an obligation, the sinner, on this ground, might *claim* salvation. But does he dare do this? Oh, no; he has no claim, because it is all of grace. Christ is *able* to save sinners. Does mere *ability* beget an obligation to do it? If it does, then the sinner has a claim, and if he has a claim on this ground, he may demand it. He may plead his deeds of self-righteousness, but these cannot lay Christ under any obligation to save him. But has not Christ promised to save sinners? Certainly; but on the terms he has made—repent, believe, love, and obey him. He is under obligation to fulfill his promise, when the conditions are performed, and he *will* do it. But he has made no unconditional promise in the case. “He that believeth shall be saved.” This is a condition. “He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” Here is a condition that must be performed, in order to secure the fulfilment of the promise, and this leaves it still a work of grace. If there is anything by which the sinner can *merit* and *claim* salvation, then it cannot be by grace, which would be a direct contradiction of the apostle in the text. This doctrine, therefore, rests on an immutable basis. “By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.”

Thus we have seen that this doctrine under consideration brings to view man's *lost condition* as a sinner, his *dangerous condition*, his *justly condemned condition*; his *dependent condition*, and the fact that God is

under no *obligation* to save him, unless he complies with the terms of salvation specified in the gospel. These considerations suggest the remark that this plan of salvation is strikingly suited to the condition of the lost sinners. We can conceive of no other plan so happily adapted to their case. If it depended on man's own power alone, or on his self-righteous deeds, he would fail of it. Repentance alone cannot deliver the soul from sin; for this would be discarding the atonement of Christ. No finite arm is adequate to the work. "Man is not redeemed by silver and gold; but by the precious blood of Christ," or as a gratuity offered to all, "without money and without price"—free as the air, the light, and all of grace. Hence it is suited as well to the poor as to the rich, to the ignorant as to the learned, to the subject as to the ruler. Most admirably and wonderfully is this plan, in all its features, suited to the wants of lost sinners. There is no good reason for the least dislike to it, and yet the unbelieving heart sends out against it a current of opposition. That heart must be renovated by the power of the Holy Spirit, or the soul cannot be saved. Let it be remembered that all the *means* which the gospel requires to be used in the salvation of sinners, are of grace. The gospel given for this purpose was a gift of grace. Conviction of sin by the Holy Spirit, the regeneration of the heart, the sanctification of the soul, and eternal life, are all works and gifts of grace, through Jesus Christ. From beginning to end, in all its means and motives—from its foundation to its top-stone, which will be laid with joy and shouting, it is a marvelous

and mighty work of grace. It is this that makes it such a wonderful work—that magnifies the benevolence and love of God in its execution. It is this characteristic, no doubt, that has excited the wonder of angels, and a desire to look into it; which desire, it is probable, has been gratified. It will continue to be the wonder and the admiration of angels and of redeemed saints in heaven forever. On those unfading diadems, infinitely surpassing royal beauty, which grace will put upon the head of every saint, and which they will delight to cast at the feet of Christ, will be written in shining capitals, *Grace*; brought here by grace, “through faith in Christ Jesus.” On their robes, “made white in the blood of the Lamb,” will be inscribed, *Grace*; on their scepters, *Grace*; on their palms of victory, *Grace*. All the banners of the holy throng, as they march the golden streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, will present, as their motto of gratitude and praise to the Redeemer, *Grace*. In short, the great army of redeemed saints will be all written over in golden capitals, *Grace*, *Grace*, *Grace*; while they chant with voices loud and sweet, “worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing, for ever and ever.”

In this plan of salvation, there is much to support the true believer under the temptations and trials of this life—much to strengthen his faith, and to give him some foretaste of heaven. This doctrine is calculated to afford great peace and comfort to the dying saint. A certain Scotch minister, visiting a sick brother, said

to him, "What are you doing, brother?" The answer was, "I am gathering together all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds and bad deeds; and I am going to throw them all overboard, and swim to glory on the plank of free grace."

Let no one imbibe the error that because salvation is all of grace, that he has nothing to do but to be a passive recipient of it. This doctrine implies no such thing. It has already been observed that repentance, faith, love and obedience are necessary, in order to become partakers of this favor. Grace has opened the fountain, and the sinner is invited to come and drink. "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money; come ye, and buy wine and milk without money and without price." The feast is prepared, and all starving souls are invited to come and partake of it. Coming includes obedience to all the requirements of the gospel. Those who refuse to do this will be left to "eat the bitter fruit of their own doings," and perish in their sins.

What is there in this gospel scheme of salvation against which one reasonable objection can be urged? Nothing—absolutely nothing. In every particular, it is admirably suited to the condition of lost sinners. Its *means* and *motives* are all adapted to the accomplishment of this great work. It is all of grace, through faith, that Christ may have all the glory.

Have *you* been made a partaker of this grace, by repentance, and faith in Jesus Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit? Let conscience speak, for it has a voice. Does it whisper: no, no; as yet I have no

property in this grace. Then your soul is in jeopardy, and you have no treasure in heaven, and your feet stand on the slippery heights of sin, beneath which an ocean of woe is rolling, and threatening to bury you in its waves of bitter lamentation forever. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

What, then, will you do? Have you any claim on Christ, as a deliverer, because he is able, willing and ready to save? None at all, until you have fulfilled the conditions of his promise, by coming to him, believing on him, and obeying his commands. You dare not in prayer name your good deeds, as the ground of pardon and deliverance from sin. If you should, you would not, you *could* not consistently depend on salvation through grace, which precludes all merit, and leaves the soul dependent on the righteousness of Christ. Haste, then, delay not to lay hold, by faith, on the hand of his mercy and grace, extended to your rescue. There is no other efficient helper for the lost sinner, and no other is needed; for he is all-sufficient, ever ready and willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto him. His sure promise is that those who come unto him, he will in no wise cast out. Believe this promise, obey its conditions, and you will not fail to secure eternal salvation, by grace, through faith in Christ Jesus.

LECTURE.

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A certain man, on a certain occasion, went out into a wood-lot to get a stick of timber, which he had promised for a certain purpose. The trees were plenty, but he was hard to be suited. One tree was too large, and would require too much labor to hew it down, to fit the place for which it was intended ; another was too small to suit the place ; another was not the right sort of wood—too soft—another too hard ; yet another was cross-grained and very knotty. Nothing seemed to suit. But it would not do to waste time in searching for a stick, lest it should be called for before it was ready. So he stuck his axe into the tree nearest at hand, and felled it to the ground, and made the best thing of it he could in the time allotted for its preparation.

Now, Mr. P., G., and L., this illustrates the case of the speaker for this occasion. He found subjects for a lecture plenty, as the woodman did trees in the forest. But one was too large, and would require too much labor to prepare it, in the time allowed ; another not of the right sort ; another too hard to work without better intellectual tools ; another so cross-grained and knotty that it could not be worked against the prejudices of some minds, with any degree of smoothness. But time forbids delay, and so it was concluded to put right

into the subject that was offered nearest at hand, which is this :

TEMPER, PASSION, AND DISPOSITION.

The temper is an important element in man's constitution. Without it, a man would be like an edge tool made of soft steel or iron, and of no value as a cutting instrument. The more temper you can put into an edged tool—a knife or a razor—the keener will be the instrument, provided the edge does not break in the using. So in man, the higher his temper, the keener, usually, his intellect, and the smarter the man, if it does not break out into foolish passion, or if suitably governed. Some persons have not temper enough to make them energetic and vigorous, and resemble the man referred to by John B. Gough, in a lecture, of whom he said, you could not drive a joke into him with a sledge-hammer. Now, if I was about to make a smart man (supposing I could do it), I would put into him a very high temper, and in the meantime, give him a good disposition to govern it. Just think what a man would be without temper—a mere putty head; so soft and inefficient in society that he would be like a cipher at the left hand of a decimal fraction, diminishing its value in a ten-fold proportion. True, you sometimes find an ugly temper where there is a lack of brains; but you cannot find a man of keen intellect and energy of character, who has not a keen temper.

It may be well to explain the distinction between *temper* and *passion* and *disposition*. By *temper* is meant "the condition of the mind in regard to the

passions and affections." By *passion* is meant "a violent agitation or excitement of mind," or temper kindled into a flame. The office of the *disposition* "is to regulate, direct, and to govern" the temper, and to keep it from breaking out into passion.

Where there is a bad disposition, the temper will not be properly governed. A bad temper and disposition are fitly represented by cross-grained lumber. For example, take a board and you can plane it smooth, if you take it with the grain; but turn the board and push the plane against the cross-grained surface, and it will make a stout resistance, choke the instrument, and defy your efforts to make it smooth. So a bad temper and disposition must be worked with the grain, or the person have his own way and say, or you cannot get along with him smoothly. No sooner do you oppose his wishes, than you find it as hard to influence him as it is to plane a board across the grain. To manage such a disposition, in adults or in children, you must either work them with the grain, that is, please them by their having their own way, or use the double iron of compulsion, so that resistance is impossible. Whether there is any way to prevent trees from growing cross-grained, we do not know; but the disposition in childhood is susceptible of great improvement, by proper treatment.

Now, to give some characteristics and illustrations of ill-governed tempers, as they are manifested in common life. The first suggested to notice is what may be denominated the *porcupine temper*. Those who are acquainted with this little animal, know that its body is

covered with hard, sharp quills, many of them from six to ten inches long. When exposed to danger or excited to anger, he rolls himself up in the form of a ball, putting his head out of sight, so that not a dog, nor even a lion, can bite him without having his mouth filled with quills ; and they find it best to let this little animal alone. Now, there is a sort of ill-governed temper in some men, that will bristle up like this animal, and nobody likes to meddle with such a character, lest he should get wounded with the hard and sharp quills of abusive and insulting words.

The chestnut burr is a familiar article—a little ball full of sharp prickles, standing out all over its surface, so that you would not like to take it in your hand, unless you held it carefully, or with a leather glove on your hand ; and were it not for the sweet nut inside, you would not wish to touch it at all. Now, there are persons who have something of the sweet nut in them, as good neighbors and good citizens, while you please them. But it is necessary to handle them easy, as they are exceedingly sensitive and excitable to contradiction. Charge such a person with falsehood, and you will instantly stir up his temper into passion. If he owes you borrowed money, take care how you dun him when he is “hard up,” or he will sting you, like a chestnut burr, with sharp words. If you endorsed a note or bond for him, when he urged you with tears in his eyes, and fair promises, if you would oblige him, and ask him, in his embarrassment, to redeem his promise, his ill-temper will break out into fiery passion, and you might as well meddle with a chestnut burr as to dun him for a debt.

Many a business man knows that this is not a mere picture of the imagination.

Ill-governed temper renders some persons exceedingly unhappy, and often mischievous. Zoroaster, though a profound philosopher, is said to have carried his irritability so far, as to break a marble table to pieces with a hammer, because he happened to stumble over it in the dark. There was a celebrated king, who, when anything occurred to excite his temper, would fall upon the floor and scream and kick and tear his hair like a mad man. Thus his temper blazed into passion, in his folly. Another case was that of a farmer, who had a high temper. He was gathering hay, to secure it from a threatened shower. The black clouds rolled up, the thunder admonished him, and the wind burst forth, sporting with the hay, which the old man was laboring with all his might to rescue from the rain. But vain were his efforts, for the wind scattered the hay as fast as he gathered it. Becoming discouraged, he let his temper fly into a passion, and hurling his rake with the flying hay, exclaimed, in fierce anger, "There ! take rake and all." He quit the field and left the hay to the mercy of the wind and the shower. Such is the folly of ill-governed temper—getting offended with the wind. Far better is it to keep the temper always in subjection, and not allow it to fly into a passion, at the various annoyances of life.

Another sort of temper may be characterized as the *gunpowder temper*. This differs from the last-named, chiefly, in that it is quicker in its operations. Gunpowder is a mighty and often a hateful power ; yet it

is often useful when properly controlled. So temper is useful when properly governed, but hateful when it is suffered to fly into a passion. A single spark of contradiction will sometimes excite such a temper into a foolish and hateful explosion. It waits not for apology, but explodes by the first spark of opposition that touches it; and usually leaves a black stain on the exploder himself—a mark of his own weakness and folly. Some, like the man who hit his head against a beam, because he did not stoop low enough to clear it, will turn back in anger and strike the beam. If a public speaker says something they dislike, they will go out with heavy steps, and slam the door after them, and go muttering away in anger. This slamming the door in a passion is what Tom Hood called a “wooden oath.” It is said that a certain distinguished musician was called to display his skill before the King; and just as he begun to play, the King’s clock struck. This excited the anger of the musician, and he instantly struck the clock, which was in a glass case, and dashed it to pieces. For this, the King sharply rebuked him. But he replied: “May it please your Majesty; the clock struck first.” “He that is soon angry,” says the wise man, “dealeth foolishly.” When you meet persons of this temper, beware how you touch them off with a match of contradiction or insult, lest you are repaid with a severe explosion.

Another specimen of bad temper may be characterized as the *tornado temper*. This differs from the gunpowder, chiefly, in that it is not so quickly excited, and in being exceedingly boisterous and overbearing when

in exercise. Like the wind in a hurricane, it breaks forth with a furious blast, and pours forth the hailstones of its wrath upon its victim. The language is vehement and profane—bitter epithets, brick-bats of slander, clubs of envy and malice are thrown out like the lava from a volcano, threatening to overwhelm all in its course. Such a temper, let loose, is foolish and mischievous. But it is usually of short duration, passing off as the wind of passion abates. This kind of temper often leads to the abuse of animals, as cattle and horses. A noble horse in the city of —— was most cruelly beaten about the head, with a heavy whip-stock, by the worse than brutal driver, for not doing what was utterly beyond the power of the horse to do. Some ladies passing, remonstrated against such cruelty, but were repaid by a volley of horrid oaths, for meddling with his business. He behaved like a man without reason or sensibility, letting his ugly temper blaze into furious passion against the poor, dumb animal. Such behavior deserves the castigations of civil law. There was a law passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1868, to prevent cruelty to animals; and a similar law in New Hampshire, in 1870, and there is often occasion for its application to ill-tempered drivers, who are more brutal than the brutes themselves. This sort of temper, excited into passion, seems to take reason all out of a man; and you might as well undertake to reason with the wind of a tornado as with him—like the man who got angry with his neighbor. The conciliatory neighbor said to him, “If I have wronged you, I am willing to give you satisfaction,”

The angry neighbor let his passion fly, saying, "I won't take up with satisfaction." It is of no use to try and reason with such a man, till the flame of passion has subsided.

Another species of ill-temper may be characterized as the *soapstone temper*. The soapstone is remarkable for retaining heat. So this sort of temper is sullen and sulky, and holds on, often, for a long time, and is not willing to forgive or forget an offence. If you put into a soapstone stove a big stick of wood, it will last all day and perhaps all night, and the stove will keep warm for hours after the fire is out. Take a man of this soapstone temper and put into his stomach a big knot of offence, and it will last remarkably. His stubborn will is likely to join with his temper, and working together, are hard to subdue. Such is the power of the human *will*, when it is set by ill-temper, that if it could be utilized, like water or steam-power, would drive all the machinery in all the mills and shops in New England. When one will is set up against another will, as is often the case, and stimulated by passion, they will fight like two armies, exchanging shots of insults and abuse, till both are greatly injured in their folly, if not ruined. There is a tremendous power in man's will, as illustrated in the case of the man who engaged in the profession of a minister; but such was his success, that he continued in poverty, and became discouraged. He then became a physician, and trying this profession a while, still continued poor. Next he engaged in the legal profession, and in time, as a lawyer, he became rich. A friend inquired of him how it happened that,

as a lawyer, he became wealthy, while, as a minister and a physician, he was always poor. His reply was, that he found people were more anxious to get their *wills*, than they were to save both body and soul.

When a stubborn will and a bad temper work together, for a long time, they are apt to defy all opposition to subdue them. This soapstone temper is peculiar in its operations. Sometimes its possessor will not speak, nor reciprocate one of the civilities of gentlemanly life, but turn away, mumpish and dumpish, regardless of all proposals for reconciliation. There are some children of this sort of temper, who, if they get angry in sport or play, will put their lips, and turn on the heel and won't play. You cannot reason with them with any success until their passions cool. Such children and older persons are disagreeable companions. Sometimes, in a choir, or in a music band, a member takes offence, and will not sing or play, and is obtuse to all you say, as an organ with all the stops closed. Puff away with the bellows of kind entreaty, but you cannot move him till the stops are drawn and the evil passion is blown off.

This soapstone temper is illustrated by the case of a man who had a quarrel with his neighbor, and who had kept up his animosity for years, holding the heat of anger unsubdued. Being seized with alarming sickness, he sent for the neighbor, and calling him to his bedside, said, as he was about to die, he wished to have their difficulty so settled that he could depart in peace. He appeared very penitent, asked forgiveness, and the whole matter was considered settled.. As the neighbo

was about bidding him farewell, the sick man said to him : “ I want you to remember that, if I get well, all this goes for nothing ; and I will have it out with you yet.” This proved that his will and temper were not subdued, and that he was only playing the hypocrite with his neighbor. When this soapstone temper has once excited against you, it is uncertain whether you can ever conquer it, so as to make the person again your hearty friend. He may retain his heat for years, and at some moment you little suspect, like a snake in the grass, give you a bite of bitter revenge.

One other sort of ill-governed temper is characterized as the *peevish* or *fretful temper*. This is very different from the last. While that is reticent and mumpish, this is remarkable for loquacity, and multiplies words like “ the droppings of a rainy day.” Trifles often excite it. Some parents illustrate it in the family circle. Some school-teachers, also, by a constant fretting at their ill-disposed pupils. An ill-tempered and fractious teacher, troubled with a noise in his school, thought he knew who was the guilty boy, and in angry haste seized and whipped a boy severely. When he ceased applying the rod, the boy turned round and laughed. “ What do you mean ? ” said the teacher ; “ you scoundrel — laugh, will you ? What do you mean ? ” “ Got the wrong boy, sir.” Thus the teacher in his rashness was betrayed into injustice by his ill-governed temper. No teacher can govern a school well, who does not govern himself. If provoked by ugly pupils, and angry enough to bite off a nail, he should keep cool and self-possessed, controlling all evil

passions. The same principle applies to family government. If parents are peevish and fretful, like hot lard when water is dashed into it, venting an ugly temper by rash conduct, they will fail to make their household good and happy. It will make children feel as did the little boy, who said he did not want to go to heaven if his grandfather was there, because he would be always fretting and scolding at him. Fretful old people make themselves very disagreeable to children and youth. Some children, if parents restrain them from having their own way—from going when and where they please, staying as long as they please, and coming when they please; will tease and fret, and say, “ You never let me go anywhere. Others go ; why can’t I ? If you don’t let me, the boys will laugh at me, and say you are tied up by your mother’s apron strings.” So the naughty boy goes pouting and fretting away, like a bunch of 4th of July Chinese crackers, all ignited at once. Such ill-governed temper, if not subdued in childhood, is apt to be carried through life. The advice given to an angry boy by a sailor, is worth remembering. The boy had let his temper fly into a furious passion. The sailor called to him, “ Come here, boy ; I have something to tell you.” “ What is it ? ” said the boy. “ You were in a passion, my young buck, and I thought, in case you don’t know it, I would tell you.” “ Well, you are not far wrong,” replied the boy. “ That’s right,” said the sailor, “ always confess when you are wrong.” “ Now,” said the sailor, “ mind this bit of advice, and never get into a passion, if you can help it ; and when you can’t help it, give a great roar,

and let off the steam, and turn about and run with all your might. Passion has no legs, and can't hold on to a fellow when running." All boys should beware of giving vent to bad temper, and learn while young to keep it in subjection.

Fretting sometimes becomes a habit, and then it is hard to suppress it. This was the case with the old lady who got offended with the doctor, who was attending on a sick child. She scolded and fretted, saying she "never seed sich a bad doctor"; she wouldn't have him doctor her old cat; and she hoped the child would die, that the people might see what a bad doctor they had. Thus the old lady made herself ridiculous by letting fly her ugly temper. Fretting does no good, repairs no evil, and makes the fretter exceedingly unhappy. It happened that two neighbors had their peas killed by a frost. One of them planted more forthwith. The other was provoked, and fretted. But he soon saw his neighbor had more peas growing. "What," said the fretter, "did not the frost kill your peas?" "Yes, but while you were fretting, I planted more." "But don't you ever fret?" "Yes, but I put it off till I have repaired the evil." "Why, then there is no need of fretting at all." "Very true; and that's the reason why I put it off." This is a good practical lesson, showing the folly of letting loose ill temper. But this is sadly common. Neighbor often frets against neighbor, because his children trouble him, or his sheep or cattle vex him, or because the crows pulled up his corn, or the boy left the bars down, the gate open, or the kitchen door on a cold day. Some fret because

business is dull, or customers pass their door and trade elsewhere. Evils abound everywhere, but fretting never cures them. Often it makes them worse, and makes the fretter unhappy.

If you should say these facts and illustrations give a dark picture of human nature, it is admitted, but it is believed to be a true one. Some one has aptly said that "there is a great deal of human nature in mankind." Often it is manifested in fretting at the common vexations of life. It is said that intoxicating liquor has a peculiar influence on the temper. A reformed drunkard said that if he felt pleasant and good-natured when he began to drink, it would stimulate that feeling, and he was good-natured during the whole spree. But if he felt cross and angry when he began to drink, it stimulated that feeling, and he felt cross while the spree lasted. If so with all drunkards, they should take care to be in pleasant temper when they take the first glass. A young man of intemperate habits said that *rum itself* was ill-tempered and quarrelsome. When he drank one glass, he said it was so lonely in his stomach that he had to send down another to keep it company. But soon the two glasses would get into a quarrel, and fight so bad that he had to send down a third glass to settle the trouble. Still the fight was kept up, and two glasses turned against one, which was not fair play; and he had to put down a fourth glass to make the parties equal. Then they all four joined together, and turned with all their power against him; and he was completely conquered. Thus it is that intoxicating liquors conquer and ruin thousands of

poor inebrates. There is great danger in the first glass, which always craves company.

There is, yet, another sort of temper, differing from all these, and which may be designated as the *sunny temper*. This is always pleasant, because well governed. It may be a high or keen temper in itself, yet so perfectly controlled that it never flies into a passion, come what will. It never frets, nor quarrels, nor breaks out in abusive language against evil-doers ; but bears insults with meekness, and maintains a bold and calm dignity, like that of our Saviour, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again." He always controlled his temper under the greatest insults. Yet, it was not through fear nor pusillanimity, but a high and holy dignity of character. The sunny temper is illustrated in the case of the man whose fretting and scolding wife came at him with a broomstick. He kept calm all the while, and was asked how he could so patiently bear all that. He replied, "It don't hurt me, and amuses her." The old philosopher, Socrates, it is said, always kept his temper in subjection, while his wife, Xantipe, was exceedingly ill-tempered, and a terrible scold, and seemed to delight in tormenting her husband. In one of her angry fits, she poured out a torrent of abuse on the good man's head ; yet he took it all quietly, and went out and sat down by the door of his house, calm as the glassy pool. This calmness vexed the old jade more, and seizing a vessel of water, she ran up stairs, and dashed the water, with all her fury, upon his head. Still he controlled his temper, and only smiled at her folly, saying, "So much thunder must needs produce a

shower." He was a complete master of his temper, and knew how to manage a scolding wife. When Socrates received a box on the ear, he kept his temper and smiled, remarking, "It is a pity we don't know when to put on a helmet."

Sir Isaac Newton gave a striking manifestation of this sunny temper. When his favorite dog (Dimon) upset a candle in his study among papers of great value, which had cost him years of labor, and burned them to ashes, without punishing the dog, he exclaimed, "O Dimon ! Dimon ! you little know what mischief you have done." How much better this, than to have blazed into passion at the poor dog, which could have done no good. What better could he do than to take it coolly? This is the best philosophy and practice in all such cases of provocation.

The sunny temper always contributes to happiness, while the ill-governed temper makes its possessor wretched. During the fit of anger let loose, he feels terribly—like the Indian, who said, "As I am, I weigh 150 pounds ; but when I am mad, I weigh a ton."

But is it not right to exercise the temper which God has given us? No doubt it is ; but, like an edge tool, we are bound to be careful how we use it. "Be angry and sin not," is a divine command, and the meaning is, when provoked to anger, take care that you do not sin by saying or doing what is foolish or wicked. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "He that controleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Happy, indeed, are those of a hasty temper who have a good disposition and a will to control it. But such temper, ungoverned, whether in society or in the family, proves a thorn of trouble. A popular lecturer once said that "an ill-tempered and keen-tongued wife was to the husband like a wasp in his hat, that would buzz and sting him with her fretting words." The story and popular song of "Johnny Sands," who was of a sunny temper, while his wife was famous as an ill-tempered fretter, illustrates this part of our subject: "He married Betty Hague, who was an intolerable scold. He soon got tired of her, and she got tired of him." To get rid of her, he threatened to drown himself. She said she wished he would. "Well, then," said he, "I'll stand upon the brink of the river, and then you run down the hill, and push me in with all your might." "Oh, I will, I will," said she. "But," said Johnny, "lest I should swim ashore and save my life, just tie my hands behind my back." "Oh, yes, I will, I will," said she; and "she tied them fast, as you may guess." He then stood upon the bank of the river, and as she ran down to push him in, "he stepped aside, and *she fell in, of course.*" Then she splashed and cried and begged, "O Johnny! Johnny! save my life!" "I can't, my dear, for you have tied my hands," affectionately replied the sunny tempered man.

A very striking manifestation of the sunny temper occurred in the Senate Hall of the United States, by the Hon. Wm. H. Seward, who was Secretary of State under President Lincoln. He made a speech about the telegraph, to which Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, replied,

full of anger and personal abuse of Mr. Seward. On taking his seat, Mr. Seward arose, and all eyes were fixed upon him, to see what he would do or say, supposing him to be very angry. With dignified steps he walked towards Mr. Toombs, keeping his right hand under the rear pocket of his coat. Some thought he was intending to draw a pistol and shoot Mr. Toombs, and his friends gathered around to protect him. As Mr. Seward came near, instead of a pistol, he drew out a snuff-box, saying, "Take a pinch; it will sooth your agitation, Mr. Toombs." Smitten with profound astonishment, Mr. Toombs exclaimed, "'My God, Seward! have you no feelings?' Mr. Seward calmly returned to his seat, and without any notice, or even an allusion to Mr. Toombs' speech, made an able argument in favor of his measure, which was successfully carried." Such calmness and self control will always triumph over ill-temper and angry words.

Temper should be educated, by a constant care to keep it under control by a good disposition. Persons of a pleasant disposition will do it, and never allow their temper to explode into foolish passion. By proper training the highest temper may be made sunny. The case of Whitelock, who was sent by Cromwell as an envoy to Sweden, when the affairs of England were in a distracted state, illustrates this point. Stopping on the way to rest for the night, on retiring to rest Whitelock could not sleep. His servant in bed near him, observing his master's restlessness, said, "Pray, Sir, may I ask you a question?" "Certainly," was the reply. "Pray, Sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Un-

doubtedly." "Pray, Sir, don't you think he will govern it quite as well when you have gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, Sir, pray excuse me, don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you live?" To this, Whitelock, seeing the point, made no reply, but soon fell asleep quietly till morning. Thus by the wisdom, sunny disposition, and kind words of his servant, he gained a profitable lesson. God rules over all rulers with infinite wisdom; and in this fact, those who trust in him find sweet repose under trials.

The London Quaker had so educated his temper, that an ill-tempered merchant could not draw him into a quarrel. Calling at his house, he asked a servant if his master was at home. The merchant, hearing, called out at the top of his voice, "Tell the rascal I am not at home." "Well friend," said the Quaker, "God put thee in a better mind." Struck by this meek reply, the merchant confessed his error, and the difficulty was at once settled. "Tell me now," said the merchant, "how you could bear with patience, the abuse I gave you?" "Friend, I will tell thee. I was hot and violent as thou art. I knew it was sinful to indulge this temper, and I observed that men in a passion always *speak loud* and I thought if I could control my voice, I could repress my passion. So I make it my rule never to raise my voice above a certain key, and thus, by God's blessing, I have entirely mastered my temper." Such self-control of the temper is an admirable trait of character; and is attainable by every person, through faithful discipline.

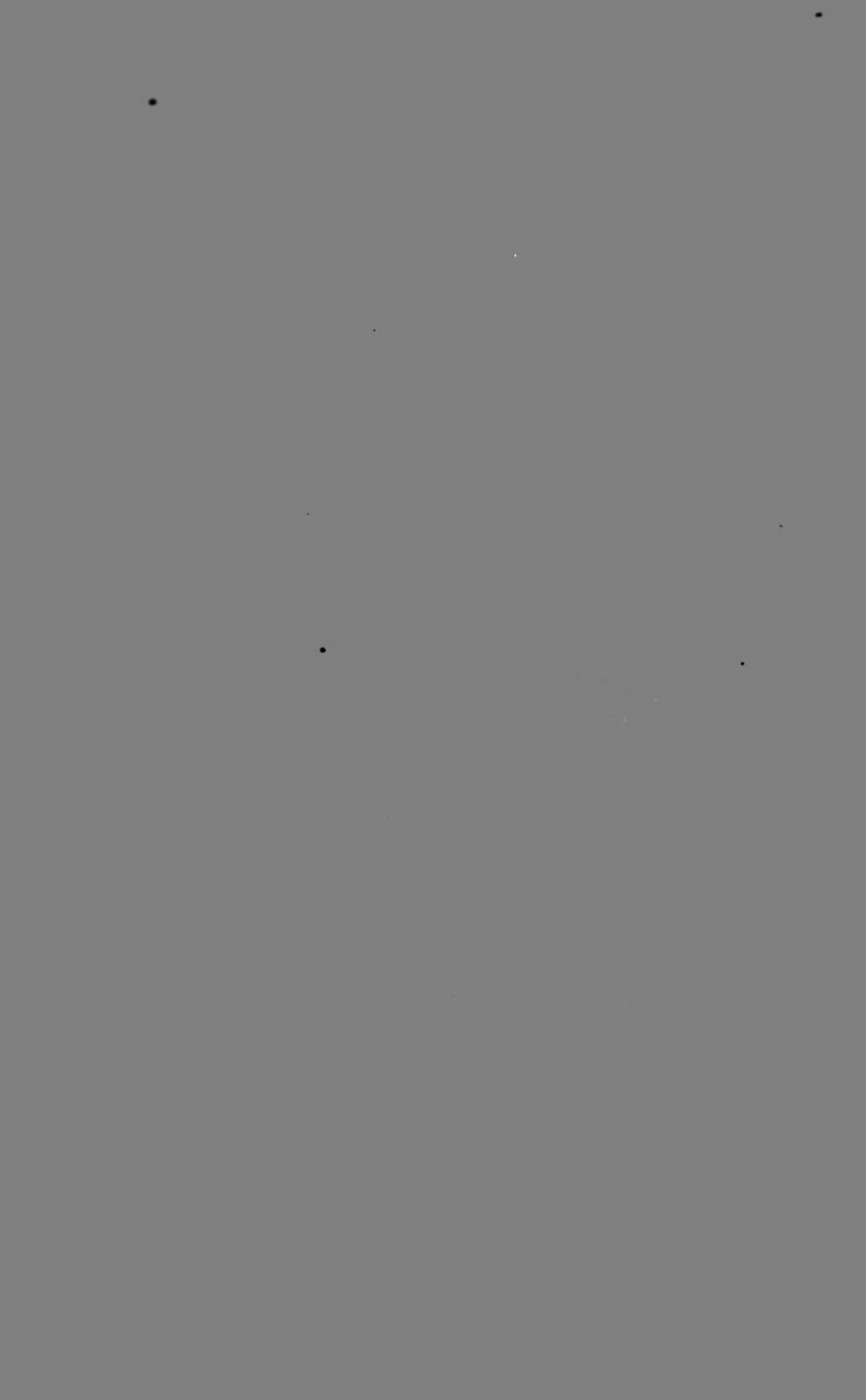
Julius Cæsar was a memorable example of cultivated and self-controlled temper. When he was offended, it

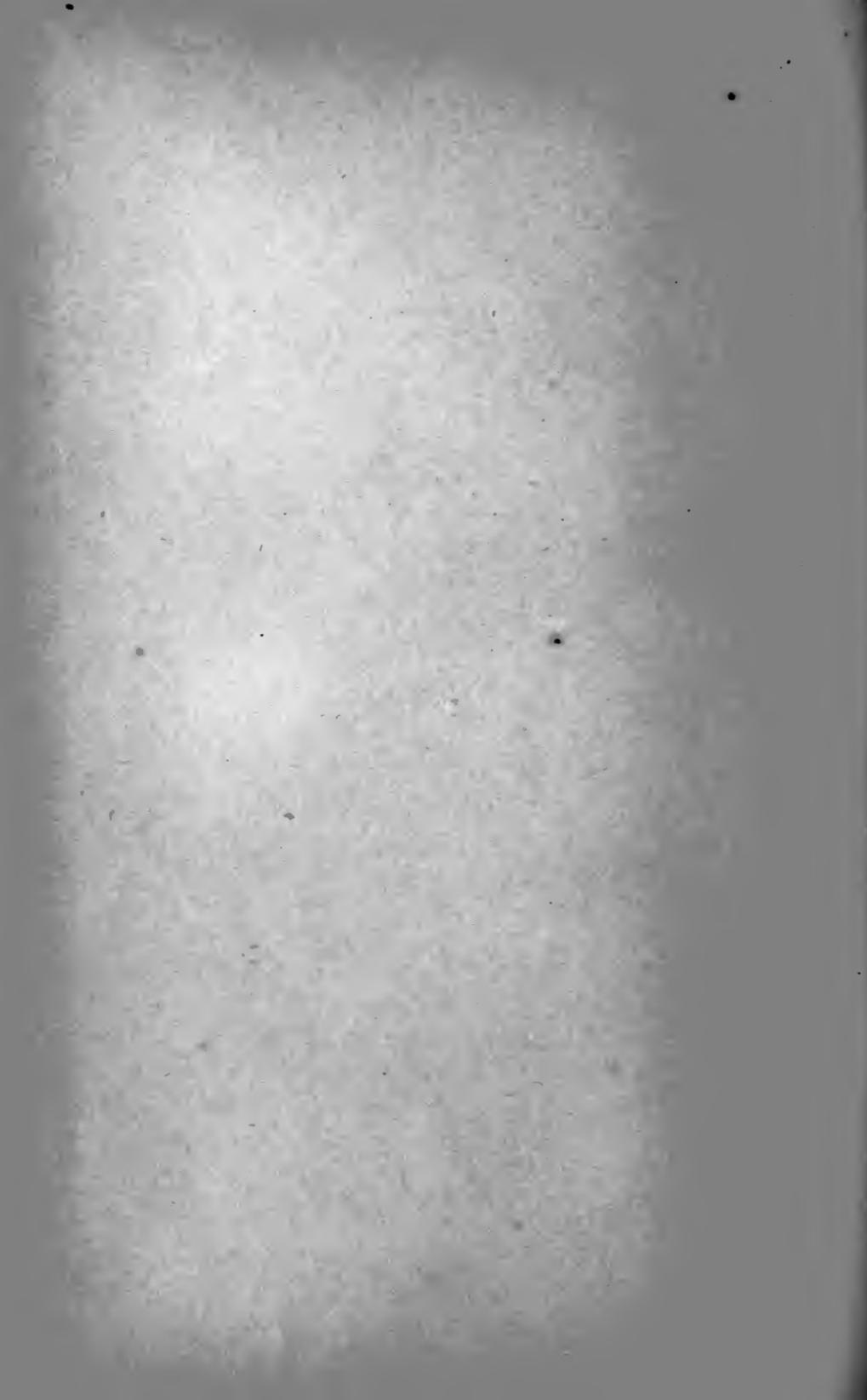
is said, he would repeat the whole Roman alphabet before he suffered himself to speak, and thus he completely governed his temper. An ill temper should be restrained by the curb rein and bit of a good disposition, as the vicious horse is controlled, or it will be sure to bring trouble.

Litigation, or battles fought in the law, often grow out of ill-temper ignited into passion ; and the parties often fare like the two cats who applied to justice monkey to divide the cheese. Murders are usually the offspring of a fit of anger, excited perhaps by intoxicating drink. Then assault by some deadly weapon is the result of anger let loose, and stabbing, shooting and murder follow. Duels have originated from the same source—some trivial insult kindled anger into furious passion—a challenge accepted—a fight, and one or both of the parties become murderers.

Ill-temper and passion occasion more mischief, and are more to be feared than all the poisonous plants and poisonous reptiles in the world. No good comes from ill-governed temper. It affords no happiness, puts no money in the pocket, begets no desirable reputation, and is only evil to man and highly displeasing to God.

But every body likes the exhibition of the sunny temper, whether they manifest it in their own conduct or not. It is always lovely and loveable—the honey of domestic and social life, and often sweetens a bitter cup. The wise man wisely said, “He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty ; and he that ruleth his own spirit, than he that taketh a city.” But on the other hand, “He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city broken down and without walls.”







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